

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT: CONCLUDED,	111
II. THE SHIPWRECK OF LIFE,	120
III. STANZAS: 'HOPELESS, FAITHLESS, FEARLESS,'	131
IV. A NIGHT WITH THE GUERRILLAS IN MEXICO,	132
V. LINES: 'MY WIFE 'S BACK AGAIN,'	125
VI. ÆTNA: A THRILLING TALE,	126
VII. MADAME ROLAND'S LAST NIGHT,	130
VIII. 'A PROMISING YOUNG MAN:' AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,	132
IX. A BONNET-SONNET. By HARRY BRAKE,	126
X. LETTERS FROM POPLAR-HILL,	137
XI. LEGEND OF THE INDIAN ROCK,	145
XII. BEYOND THE GRAVE: A VISION OF THE UNKNOWN WORLD,	146
XIII. STANZAS: HUMAN WEAKNESS. By SIGMA,	150
XIV. THE BATTLE OF TOURS,	154
XV. MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES,	156
XVI. LINES: 'LITTLE MINNIE.' By H. C. CLEVELAND,	161
XVII. WESTERN AMUSEMENTS: A COUNTRY BALL,	163
XVIII. SUN-SET. By L. J. BATES,	172
XIX. AN ESSAY ON WILLIAM COWPER,	174
XX. CLOUDS: SEEN BY THE 'PEASANT BARD,'	175

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. A REVIEWER REVIEWED: A LETTER TO THE EDITOR,	181
2. PARKYN'S LIFE IN ABYSSINIA,	187
3. PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF EGYPT,	188
4. NOTES FROM THE LETTERS OF THOMAS MOORE,	169

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. LETTER FROM THE LATE EDITOR OF THE 'BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF,'	196
2. FRAUDS UPON THE TURNPIKE: A REMINISCENCE,	192
3. LETTERS FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS,	196
4. TOUCHING DELINQUENT CONTRIBUTORS,	201
5. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	202
1. SEA-SHORE SKETCHES: THE OCEAN-PORT. 2. THE SORROWS OF THE YOUNG: A SCENE OF GRIEF AND GLADNESS. 3. MR. HENRY SEDLEY, AND HIS ALLEGED PLAGIARISM. 4. PARODY ON 'THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.' 5. SUCCESSION OF FRUITS: THE RASPBERRY. 6. PUZZLING QUESTION BEFORE A DEBATING SOCIETY. 7. THE 'KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY.' A CORRECTION. 8. 'POOR HANNAH,' AN OVER TRUE SKETCH. 9. A MIDSUMMER'S DAY-DREAM. 10. A GLANCE (THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY) AT SING-SING STATE-PRISON. 11. FOURTH OF JULY ON SEYMOUR'S MOUNTAIN. 12. 'SHARP PRACTICE BY A TENANT,' OR A LANDLORD OUTWITTED. 13. A FLYING TRIP TO MAST-HOPE: PICKEREL-FISHING IN 'WOLF-POND.' 14. ANECDOTES OF 'COURT' AND 'COUNSEL.' 15. MRS. BACKUS' SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AT BINGHAMTON. 16. A 'COLORED ELISHA.' 17. THE PITT PAPERS. 18. A RHYMING EPISTLE FROM THE 'PEASANT BARD' TO HUGH AINSLIE. 19. COMMUNICATIONS FROM COOL COUNTRY HAUNTS: SUTHERLAND FALLS, VERMONT. 20. FANNY KEMBLE'S SHAKSPEREAN READINGS IN ROME. 21. A 'SMALL MAN' IN 'OLD ROCKINGHAM,' NEW-HAMPSHIRE. 22. WESTERN POETRY: A 'MELANCHOLY BALLAD.' 23. A SINGULAR 'SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.' 24. ELOQUENT GLORIFICATION OF OUR NATIONAL FOWL. 25. A DAY ON THE HACKENSACK. 26. MR. REMBRANDT LOCKWOOD'S PAINTING OF 'THE LAST JUDGMENT.' 27. 'PAR VALOR,' WITH AN INDIANA THIEF. 28. ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF PUBLIC DOCUMENTS. 29. STATE OF 'THE CROPS' AT 'OLD KNICK MOUNT.' 30. A CURT EPISTOLARY REBUKE. 31. EPIDEMIC 'GOSSIPRY.' 32. CLOUD-'VOLCANOES.' 33. A 'HOOSIER' ADVERTISEMENT. 34. EXPLANATORY TO OUR ESTEEMED CORRESPONDENT, 'D. E. N.' 35. AN ODD TOMB-STONE INSCRIPTION. 36. 'LAMARTINE COTTAGE,' HOBOKEN: STEAMER 'ERIE.' 37. A WORD TO PUBLISHERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.	
6. LITTLE PEOPLE'S SIDE-TABLE,	218

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1854, BY
SAMUEL HUESTON,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY,
PRINTER,
95 & 97 Cliff Street, New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLIV.

AUGUST, 1854.

No. 2.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

—
BY A. F. PERRY.
—

CHAPTER SIXTH: CONCLUSION.

THE time approached for Pitt to lay down his office. He deemed it proper to extend to Roman Catholics certain political privileges which they had not enjoyed. This he said they had a right to expect, as one of the results of the act of union between England and Ireland. He had made no pledge, but they knew this to be his opinion, and might fairly expect him to act upon it. The king, regarding such an act of grace toward Catholics incompatible with his coronation-oath, stubbornly refused to sanction it, and Pitt, equally stubborn, retired from office.

This proceeding on the part of Pitt is one which writers discuss with varied, and sometimes severe, comments. There is, indeed, no one cause sufficient to account for it, without at the same time involving his motives and his subsequent proceedings in a degree of inconsistency. The cause above stated was the avowed, and probably the real cause, if the event must be assigned to a single cause. But there were many causes. He had performed some sixteen years of arduous service at the head of the administration. The greatest dangers to the state had been surmounted. His health was nearly worn out. The success of Bonaparte on the Continent had discouraged his allies, and peace was likely to be demanded by the British public. So far, his policy had been generously sustained. For the future, every thing was, in the nature of the case, uncertain. He turned over the government to his friend Addington, and retired.

There is no occasion whatever to impute to him those small and cunning calculations of the results of this step which are so often supposed to have influenced him. They are every way unlike Pitt. It was a very natural proceeding, and were it not supposed necessary to square his avowed motives for it with his subsequent professions and proceedings on returning to office, there would really be nothing to explain. No one can deny that he might naturally desire some repose, now that it

had been honestly earned. He had sounded the depths and shoals of fame, and knew alike what was real, what empty and illusory. Nothing is more common to such characters than an occasional desire for ease and privacy, followed by a speedy relapse to ambition and to habits of activity. It is therefore extremely probable that he supposed himself willing to be unburdened of the cares of empire, in the honest expectation of finding happiness and content in a life of rest and retirement. That he should soon find out his mistake, and find that the vacuity of inaction was more corroding than the labors of public station; that he should become willing to return, with the remnant of his feeble health, to a post he had adorned, to make one grand final exertion for British glory, is also the most natural thing in the world.

It was charged that he foresaw peace to be unavoidable; but was alike unwilling to propose peace himself, or to wait for the nation to compel a peace, by a change of ministry which should place Mr. Fox at the head of affairs; that he determined to escape from the dilemma by resigning in time to secure a ministry to succeed him favorable to his views, and which he could uphold or break down at pleasure. Another class of accusers suppose him to have been tied up by a pledge to the Roman Catholics, which compelled him to resign. M. Thiers, the French historian, roundly accuses Pitt of improvidence and folly in suffering himself to be involved in such embarrassment. But the most natural interpretation of the proceeding is probably the most just, and certainly the most in accordance with his general character.

Mr. Addington, as has been stated, succeeded Mr. Pitt in the office of Prime Minister. A treaty of peace was concluded with France, and Europe was once more in a state of repose, save only the agitations produced by an unbounded and universal joy. Mr. Pitt gave his general support to the Addington ministry, and was indeed under some obligation to do so; for Addington had accepted the position with diffidence, and only upon the most friendly persuasions and assurances from Pitt. They had been boys together, and had cemented, by the perfect harmony of their public careers, a friendship which they inherited from their fathers.

In the treaty of peace between France and England there was a stipulation on one hand that Napoleon should within three months evacuate Naples, Tarento, and the Roman States. In less than two months he performed his stipulation. There was, on the part of England, a stipulation to evacuate Alexandria and Malta. She evacuated the former, after long delays; but, with many excuses and prevarications, she held fast upon Malta. Napoleon was, beyond all question, sincerely anxious at that time to preserve peace, but it was not in his character to allow himself to be trifled with; least of all, to submit to this flagrant violation of a treaty. The skies again grew black with gloomy portents.

The writers of England have not yet ceased to dilate on the grasping disposition of Napoleon, and his willingness to shed blood for the aggrandizement of France; but it is undoubtedly true that England herself is more responsible for those wars than any other power, and in this instance she was willing to plunge the whole Continent into a bloody

war, rather than evacuate a distant island which she had no right to hold, and which she was bound by solemn treaty to give up. The peace, on her part, had been only a truce to gain time.

It is unnecessary to discuss the various allegations and excuses made by England to justify her bad faith in this case, for they amount to nothing. It was a case of jealousy, and nothing more. Napoleon obviously had intellect and soul enough to have furnished, ever since the dark ages, all the kings of Europe; and for such a man to be allowed to govern a kingdom, was a bad precedent. Beside, he saw public events from one point of view; they from another and entirely different one. They participated in the delusions in regard to his character, which they sought to impose upon the world, and which the united and subservient literature of all the monarchies has ever since sought in vain to make universal. One of the greatest miracles among men is the rising of a truly great character, and it is not uncommonly met with a stare of stupid disbelief. As for a monarch who really desired the happiness of his people, and sought danger, and glory, and power, chiefly to extort the gratitude and praise of mankind for beneficent statesmanship, it was incredible. It set them all agape. There must, they thought, be some mistake about it; the thing was incredible. On the other hand, a hypocrite, a scoundrel, and a charlatan, was within the range of experience, and credible enough. Hence, the constant misconstruction and false interpretation of all his proceedings. Hence, their unappeasable hostility to a dynasty and a policy they now find it to be as necessary to support as they then did to overthrow.

Deep as was Napoleon's concern at the necessity of hazarding by another war all he had gained in his brilliant career, his lofty spirit was above seeking safety in pusillanimous forbearance; and he met the treachery of England with an open and lordly contempt. If war must come, he knew where to find the remnants of those battalions that had faced death with him in Italy and Egypt; and he knew that to his appeals in a just cause the bosom of France would throb as that of a mother to her first-born. With all other parts of Europe he was at peace; and if war must come with England, it should be no war of subsidies, no fighting by indirection through mercenaries, but a hand-to-hand encounter with cannon-balls and cold steel. That proud nation, fond of extending the horrors of battle to the altars and fire-sides of other countries, should at length taste them at home. An immense army and flotilla were collected on the coast of France, opposite to England. One hundred and fifty thousand armed men were daily trained to the arts of war; on horse-back, on foot, and on ship-board. 'A soldier of France,' said Napoleon, 'should be ignorant of no branch of his profession.' There were gathered the veterans of Hohenlinden, of Lodi, of Rivoli, of the Pyramids, and of Marengo; interspersed with young recruits, emulous of glory, and their hearts on fire with military ardor. As Napoleon rode along their serried ranks, they recognized in his familiar glances a paternal fondness blended with the genius of victory; and every man felt within himself the capability of turning the tide of a great battle.

This was not the sort of entertainment to which England had invited

herself. She had expected to find France impoverished by her revolution and her wars, and was astonished at the extent and promptness of her resources. She looked with infinite concern across the channel, threw up field-works around London, and along the exposed parts of the coast; set about enlarging her army, and rallied her militia to daily military drills. The Prime Minister appeared in Parliament, in the uniform of the British Volunteers. As for Pitt, he was Marshal of the Cinque-Ports; an office nominally of a military character, but which he intended to make really so. His conduct indicated a purpose to share the danger as he had shared the glory of the empire. It was feared that in case of invasion his invaluable life would be among the first exposed in battle.

Addington was a clear, courageous, and decisive minister. His calm and resolute preparation for the conflict was in the highest style of patriotic statesmanship. But he was not so well known as Pitt to the rest of Europe. He was not quite sufficiently oratorical and demonstrative for popular effect at home. Events were on the wing which might require the whole strength of England. There was a voice which had been accustomed to be heard with authority on great occasions, now no longer in place. There was something lacking to fill up the popular requirements. Neither was it a condition of affairs to make Pitt pleased with retracy. He felt an inclination to be heard again, and to lay an accustomed hand upon the reins. Third persons, for interested purposes, interposed mischievous representations, to alienate him from Addington, and he finally took his stand in Parliament against the Addington ministry. It is highly probable, as events turned, that Addington would have led England through that crisis more wisely than Pitt; but with the other opposition, and the weight of Pitt's hostility added, it was impossible for Mr. Addington to maintain his position. Accordingly, Pitt again took his place at the head of the administration.

The course of Pitt toward Addington's administration was partly influenced by misrepresentations of the language and feelings of Addington. But it was nevertheless not in accordance with the just expectations of Addington, founded upon promises made by Pitt. The excuse commonly assigned by Pitt's defenders, is worse than the act itself; because it imputes a want of capacity to Mr. Addington, not proven by the facts of the case. The best excuse for Pitt is, that the kingdom was in danger, and he had confidence in himself to meet that danger. The true reason of his proceeding is not to be sought in circumstantial details, but in the general fact that he had been accustomed to power, and in such an emergency his habits of command were too strong to be resisted.

Napoleon had said to the British ambassador at Paris: 'It is an awful temerity, my lord, to attempt to throw a large army across the Channel, for the invasion of England.' Now that the attempt was to be made, Addington still regarded it as an 'awful temerity,' and intended to give Napoleon no excuse for desisting, or changing his purpose. Austria and Russia were willing, at the request of England, to attack Napoleon in the rear, and keep him on the Continent. But they

much preferred to be excused. Addington was willing to excuse them. He thought Napoleon and his army were not likely to reach England; and if they had no excuse for leaving the coast, the threatened invasion would prove to Napoleon a most embarrassing affair. Should he try to cross the Channel and fail, as Addington thought would be the case if he made the attempt, it would be a disaster. Should he continue on the coast and not make the attempt to cross, it would be both expensive and ridiculous. Hence Addington's plan was to hold Napoleon to his threatened invasion, and to look him squarely in the eye. Addington made all possible thoroughness and dispatch to prepare, in case he should land, for pushing him back into the sea. What might have been the consequences of carrying out Addington's plan must be left to conjecture. But there was no element of littleness, no sign of a feeble mind or a weak purpose in it.

Pitt's views and purposes were different. The sovereigns of the Continent had received too much British gold for fighting their own battles, and had been too often false in their engagements with him, to beget on his part a very scrupulous regard for their interest. Looking to future history, it could do England no harm to connect them with her as participators in a breach of public faith. He had acquaintance with their sagacity, and knew it was quite up to the point of being used to pull his hot chestnuts from the fire. If one or the other must be burned, he decidedly preferred it should be they, and not his own country. He had known so much of Napoleon, that as an Englishman he was willing to keep him at a distance. More than all, here spread out before him were the green fields and happy homes of England, hitherto undisturbed by hostile feet. England, untouched, unharmed, was to him an unspeakable charm. It was the pride and the poetry of his existence. An invasion ever so successfully repelled would leave, as it were, some stain upon her robes. Her queenly vesture and smiling aspect would be no longer beautiful with an unruffled joy. How should he, whom she so much loved and trusted, protect her from the rude approach?

Save between England and France, there was no war in Europe, and no cause for war. France was at peace, and had a good understanding with her neighbors. Provoked by the determination of England to violate the peace, Napoleon had declared that England single-handed was unable to cope with France. England professed to be on fire to show that he was mistaken, and they were now about to measure their strength, having the whole world for spectators. Feelings of personal animosity also stirred the bosoms of Pitt and Napoleon. They were the respective representatives of antagonist systems, and had found each other implacable. Each was to the other the chief, if not the only obstacle, to perfect success. There was in truth no occasion for the war, except a rivalry between England and France, for the lead in European politics. Napoleon and France had won the prize, and had won it by greatness of effort and greatness of character. They had won it also under a sort of compulsion. They had been forced into a desperate struggle for existence, and had never been allowed a moment's repose until they fought their way up to the mastery of the

Continent. The objections to Napoleon were objections impossible to be removed : he could not become so weak in intellect and ignoble of purpose as the other sovereigns, and unless he could, he was a continual contrast and offence. So much greatness and strength in the midst of so much littleness and imbecility were dangerous ; and to abate this danger England renewed her causeless quarrel. It was a sort of national duel ; and their preparation for mutual destruction was commensurate to the passions evoked and the stake to be won. Whatever serves to render strife magnificent or terrible was concentrated about the opposing hosts. But all at once, while these armies are facing each other across the channel, Austria and Russia advance upon the scene. With a cowardice worthy of their history and their cause, they marched hostile armies toward France, and commenced war, without provocation and without notice. They are moving toward the Rhine, and Napoleon has again to struggle with a coalition. As for Prussia, she is too lofty in her notions of political morality, and too regardful of the interests of Europe, to join either side of the combat — until she can be satisfied which will be victorious. She is in fact a great friend of both parties, and is willing to join either in sharing the spoils, after the victory shall be won ; until which time, she will do the best she can to deceive both. The decided and active policy of Pitt, aided by British subsidies, had thus averted the threatened invasion of British soil, and organized a combination supposed to be sufficient to crush France.

The descent upon England, with such foes in the rear, was out of the question. These preparations of Austria and Russia had been secret, and were intended to produce a surprise. Pitt had now governed England nearly twenty years, and this was his master-stroke. Whatever might befall the Allies, England was saved. His health, shattered by a constitutional malady, and worn out by labors and excitements, was failing. He had assembled fleets and armies, and equipped them ready to be moved against the foe. It remained for others to lead them into action and vindicate the wisdom of his plans ; upon the issue of which hung the great question, whether France or England were the predominating power in Europe : whether Napoleon or Pitt were the greatest man of the century, perhaps of all centuries. Loaded with the honors, crowned with the affections, of the nation ; looking back with pride upon the successes of a remarkably brilliant career, he yet deemed nothing finished, nothing won, until the issue of this contest should finish all and win all. And he lay, almost exhausted, watching the movements of the various figures on the grand panorama, with an intensity of expectation equalled by that of no other person save Napoleon himself. They two were the master-spirits of the drama.

Let us now cross the Channel, and see what happens in France. Perhaps the only individual in Europe, fully prepared for the new coalition, except the parties to it, was the individual against whom alone it was directed. He was astonished and disappointed, but not surprised. He had not now to learn the faithless character of the old dynasties, and it was always considered in forming his plans. But he never did comprehend — it was perhaps the only element in European affairs which he did not comprehend — but he never could and never did

adequately comprehend, as a practical thing, how utterly shut out from enlarged or just conceptions of their own true interests were the enfeebled spirits of the old, vain, and demoralized dynasties. His greatest mistakes were caused by not being able to believe how very little and short-sighted they could be. He understood much of their 'alacrity at sinking,' but not all. By nature he was ill adapted to such discoveries. The telescope, made for piercing the heavens, and tracing the journey of the stars, is not the best instrument for analyzing moles and beetles. Their good faith, he knew, could not be trusted; but that they should, under present circumstances, yield to such desperate folly as to compel him to make another campaign in their territories, and to make the circuit of their capitals at the head of a French army, appeared to him extremely improbable. They were as incapable of understanding him as he them. But he watched them. While the powers of the coalition supposed their intentions to remain a profound secret, he was advised of them; and before he was advised of them, had anticipated the possibility of such an event, and formed his determinations how to meet the emergency, in case it should happen. He pushed on his preparations for a descent on England with unabated and apparently unsuspecting vigor, until his information, more perfect from week to week, became clear and authentic.

At length, when all doubts are removed, his orders, at ten o'clock at night, and without noise, are distributed. The early sun of the second morning sees his battalions wheeling off, and scattering, in various directions, across France. He has dropped or postponed his descent upon England with much the same spirit that an eagle, disturbed upon the earth, mounts with conscious power to the empyrean. He repairs to Paris, and occupies himself with civil affairs. So skillfully are his movements devised that each is regarded as an isolated transaction of little importance. The combination exists only in his own head and in the heads of a few confidential officers. He alone knows the secret of the campaign. Scarcely twenty days have elapsed; Napoleon is yet in Paris, and the Allies hoping to surprise him, when they begin to receive news that some movement is taking place; and almost at the same time behold the heads of his columns heaving in sight, eager for glory, and recognizing each other with joyful shouts in the heart of Germany. With the rapidity of thought, their great captain places himself in their midst, and exchanges congratulations. It is he, Napoleon himself, and no other, who is to lead them; it is they, the marshals and soldiers of the Grand Army of France, who are to respond to his call. With rapid glance he points out their harvest, and leads them on with forced marches to reap it.

The Allies are astonished. Russia is not yet in the field. The Austrian army, astutely vigilant for the approach of the foe through the accustomed pass of the Black Forest, unexpectedly finds itself hemmed in by a web of French bayonets, and every avenue to escape closed. The army which was at Boulogne, to be attacked in the rear, and the Emperor who was at Paris, have unaccountably dropped from the clouds. On all sides, they behold soldiers of the Grand Army, horse, foot, and artillery, real as death; and no hope is left but to surrender. They are

obliged to capitulate at Ulm, even without a battle; and to acknowledge a victory won by strategy alone. The coalition had not coalesced. Some detachments of the Austrian force, however, including its corps of reserve, elude their pursuers, and fall back on the Russian army.

After various manœuvres, and on the anniversary of the day Napoleon was crowned, the three emperors and the three armies meet near the château of Austerlitz. The remnant of the Austrian army and its emperor, with the entire Russian army and its emperor on one side, compose an array more formidable in numbers than their antagonists, and admirable for its appointments and discipline. On the other side is Napoleon, with an army inferior in numbers, which has traversed Europe from the British Channel to Vienna, and, one should suppose, worn down with the fatigues of incessant forced marches. The Allies have the choice of ground, and they rest their centre on the heights or *plateau* of Pratzen. It is a position which may be defended by few against many. It is the key of the Allied Forces, and while they hold it, victory cannot be wrung from them. The Russian infantry, too, claims to be the best in Europe. Full of confidence, the Allied leaders look at the opposing army. For once, it does not present an imposing front; for once, Napoleon seems to hesitate. His right wing is manifestly weak, and he causes it to recede, lest by too much exposure, it shall be overpowered and crippled. There is military talent in the Allied Army sufficient to see the advantage, and seize upon it. They have studied Napoleon's campaigns, and thoroughly understand him; indeed, they regard him as rather an overrated individual, much indebted for his success to good fortune; and especially the good fortune of never having met such an army with such officers. It is time the illusion should be dispelled. They will crush his right wing, cut off retreat, and take him in front and flank at the same time. Behold their magnificent dispositions! Behold their solid masses moving down from the heights of Pratzen, scattering death in their march, and sweeping on toward Napoleon's right! How is it that his genius should have failed him this day for the first time? Suddenly he unmasks an impetuous column of thirty thousand men, which rushes across the scene, and with a terrible carnage mounts the *plateau* just weakened by the descent of the Allies. He cuts their army in two, and seizes, with an inexorable grasp, the key of their position. He involves them in cavalry charges. He pushes them at the point of the bayonet. He ploughs them with deadly artillery. He tears their whole array into shreds, until there is scarcely a remnant of that glittering host but is either killed or captive.

This is the way the Allies *surprised* Napoleon! In two months, the coalition was destroyed, and England was left again to cope single-handed with France.

This was the finishing blow to the broken constitution of Pitt. Pitt, so brilliant, hitherto so glorious — in whose life had been crowded enough to fill the measure of fame of any statesman, ancient or modern! Pitt, so fortunate, so fertile in the means of triumph! There was yet another, superior to himself in every species of greatness, whose destiny he refused to recognize. He had sought to crush, and was overthrown. He died in disappointment and chagrin. His death took place on the

twenty-third day of January, 1806; the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first election to Parliament. Looking forward yet a few years, we see Napoleon himself, exiled and chafing in bondage on the solitary rock of St. Helena. It was the out-come of Pitt's policy, but Pitt was not alive to see it. They both died under a sense of defeat, and in the bitterness of misfortune. If Pitt did not live to rejoice in the triumph of Waterloo, Napoleon was equally prevented from seeing the British and French forces combined to vindicate his policy in the Baltic and on the Danube.

THERE are two special objections raised to the statesmanship of Pitt by British historians. One is that he acted unwisely in accumulating debts for posterity to pay. This is equivalent to saying that he should not have made war upon France, which few Englishmen will admit. The wars taken for granted, the debts were not a matter of choice, but of simple necessity. There never was a generation of men, and probably never will be, in Great Britain, from whom taxes could have been collected to the extent of the amounts expended in those wars. An attempt to extort such taxes would inevitably have resulted in revolution—the evil he sought to avoid. The objection lies to the wars themselves, but are valid in no other shape. English historians have no recourse but to admit that his wars were wrong, or admit that his debts were right. They are disinclined to admit either, but there is no escape from the alternative.

The other objection is, that his wars were badly conducted; that he should have sent a large English army to the Continent, at an early period. This is said on the supposition that it was demonstrated by the battle of Waterloo, that if the Continental wars had been earlier contested by a large British army, the victory would have been gained at an earlier period. The conclusion by no means follows from the premises. It is redolent with the odor of British vanity. But supposing the conclusion to be correct, it is simply saying that a mistake was committed by not understanding Napoleon as well at the commencement of his career as he was understood at the end of it. That is the most that can be made of the objection. But, instead of raising this objection, the wonder should be, how he found the means to carry on those wars at all, and to send even a small army abroad.

More serious, and less easily answered, will be the question put by the world at large; how to justify Pitt for engaging in those wars. The reason must be sought in the passions, the perils, and the habits of the times. It is only a false and simulated virtue which insists upon testing the character of an individual existing in a past epoch by the feelings and maxims of a new and different epoch. The memory of great and unselfish characters, who live for fame, and strive honestly to win it by exalted and successful public service, is happily little affected by abstract opinions. They are recognized by general assent as of the treasures of the world, and entitled to be affectionately remembered and defended.

Ingenious persons have sought to find in different characters of ancient history a comparison or parallel for Pitt. The character and career

of *Pericles* furnish more points of resemblance than any other; but there is at best only a fancied similarity. The leading characters of Pitt's time were so far above those of any former epoch that there can be no comparison that will not do them injustice. The names of WASHINGTON, PITT, and NAPOLEON, stand out from all history, and each, in its way, stands alone.

Pitt unquestionably loved power. Did he use that power with an honest view to the good of his country? The answer will always be that he did. Pitt governed England. Was he worthy to do so? The best evidence on that subject is, that those who were on the spot, whose interests were at stake, and who had the best opportunities for judging, waited for his claims to that honor to be contested, and then awarded the palm to him. When he assumed the direction of the government, the power and glory of England were on the decline; her colors were drooping, on land and sea. The foundations of the constitution seemed falling away, and the throne itself to totter. He infused clearness and decision into her councils, inspired her army and navy anew with heroic sentiments, extended the grasp of her diplomacy, united her people in a common love of country, strengthened her credit, replenished her treasury, enriched her history with a new catalogue of immortal names, and caused her power to be felt as it had never been felt before. He caused her to participate in wars, the policy of which he dictated, and in the vicissitudes of which the map of Europe was more than once re-constructed; but he kept those wars at a distance from the shores of England, and his own country was the only one in Europe not desolated and devoured by hostile armies. For nearly a quarter of a century he wielded the revenues and the power of England, with such exalted love of fame, and such carelessness of personal and pecuniary gain, that he died not only poor, but in debt. When he died, the authorities and the people of England honored his memory with national obsequies, with tears and signs of woe. They treasured his ashes in Westminster Abbey, the resting-place of their sacred dead; and, looking back upon the perils which beset the state under his administration, and borrowing from their maritime experiences an expressive eulogy, they spoke, and yet speak of him as 'the Pilot that weathered the storm.'

T H E S H I P - W R E C K O F L I F E .

I.

Al! blame me not if I have been
A ship-wrecked man!
Thou canst not tell how high the tide
And current ran.

II.

The same sweet scenes are round thee now
As in the past:
Thy sheltered ear has never heard
The ocean-blast.

III.

The slenderest bark can safely float
In waters still;
But whirlwinds on the stoutest ship
Must work their will.

IV.

I could not breast the wintry storm,
And ever more
Must make my home among the weeds
Upon the shore.

'H O P E L E S S , F A I T H L E S S , F E A R L E S S . '

'Die, wretch! die!' said BALFOUR, redoubling his thrust with better aim; 'die as thou hast lived: hoping nothing, believing nothing!'

'And fearing nothing!' said BOTHWELL, collecting the last efforts of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were uttered.

OLD MORTALITY.

WHEN the clang of clashing sabres, and the rattle
Of the bullet, with the trumpet's blare were blended,
'Mid the thick and stifling sulphur-smoke of battle,
The spirit of a warrior ascended:

Then descended

On a sun-beam sounds of angel-voices singing,
Soft and gentle as the melody of waters,
Forest-hidden, while unnumbered harps were ringing,
Sounding loud amid the thunder-din of slaughter.

For the despairing one let dirges solemn
Rise mournfully above the sheltering sod;
But rear no costly pile, no stately column:
He had no faith, not even in his God!

But lay him where some silver streamlet flowing
Shall murmur music o'er its pebbly bed;
Where perfumed winds 'mong summer flowers blowing,
Shall lull to dreamless sleep the aching head.

On LIFE's wild sea HOPE's star shone for him never!
The bark tossed helmless on the stormy wave:
His restless soul is quiet now, for ever;
At peace for ever, in a lonely grave.

Desolate, desolate!

Chant for the faithless one no *miserère*;
Over him roll OBLIVION'S waters dreary;
A sleep that knows no waking wraps him, weary
Desolate, desolate!

A pæan for the brave!

Let the chorus of the warrior-angels thunder
'Victory! victory!'
From the battlements of Heaven,
On a storm-cloud, lightning-riven,
To the green earth, smiling under,
Let the thrilling chorus float,
In your loudest, proudest note,
'Victory! victory!'

A pæan for the brave!

Departed while the battle-trump is ringing,
'Victory! victory!'
When the purple life-blood's flowing,
When the bright eye dim is growing:

Ere the soul its way is winging,
Be the last exultant word,
By the failing senses heard,
‘Victory! victory!’

Hell-gate, June 2, 1854.

ECOSSAIS.

A NIGHT WITH THE GUERILLAS.

A SCENE IN MEXICO

‘The clouds are darkening northern skies,
While these are all serene;
The snow in northern vallies lies,
While tropic shores are green.’

DURING the winter of 1851, myself and a friend were being guided through the dense masses of a cactus wood, among the mountain-passes to which Alvarez has recently attracted so much attention, and which surround the city of Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. We were well mounted and equipped, but were compelled to proceed slowly on our route, for the reason that our native guide was on foot; so that by the time night had enshrouded us in the deep gloom so peculiar to a tropic forest, we were anxiously on the look-out for a ranch-light, or listening for the barking of the dozen curs which invariably surround a Mexican hut. We had proceeded perhaps a mile in the deepest darkness, when to our surprise we came to a large corral, and immediately after, to the rancho to which it was attached.

We had no time to reconnoitre; for we were immediately surrounded by a score or more of the most stalwart, ferocious-looking men it had yet been our fortune, or ill-fortune, to meet in that country. Their attentions were far more eager than delicate, for we were half urged, half pulled from our horses, our valises, pistols, and bowies taken from us, and ourselves pushed along into the hut, in less time than it would have taken a Yankee landlord to have passed the compliments of the season. The glance I caught, as I entered the hut, at about twenty horses in the corral, saddled and bridled with a sort of cavalry look, and evidently at home after a long day's ride, in no way served to decrease my apprehensions; but my fears were put upon a sure basis, when, after entering the hut, I passed close to the guide, who looked significantly at me and whispered the one word, dreaded of all loyal Mexicans:

‘Guerillas!’

As soon as we were seated in a corner of the large room, I ventured to inquire of my friend, in a whisper, what he thought of our situation; to which he answered, with his accustomed clearness, and as I thought with a considerable show of probability, that we were ‘in a d——l of a scrape!’ We however concluded to ‘trust to luck,’ and to acquiesce

for the time in any thing that might be done ; a sage conclusion for two Yankees amid twenty or more athletic robbers.

The Guerillas had evidently had a long ride, and I judged had met with success, as they were good-natured, and laughed and talked with each other incessantly while the 'provisioner' was preparing supper.

I don't boast a great deal of coolness in the hour of danger ; but I must confess that the broiled chickens and fried eggs made such a sweet scent in my nostrils, that the peculiarity of our position was temporarily forgotten by me, while my friend Charley was absolutely grinning and rubbing his hands like a glutton. The impression produced on us by a smell of the eatables was evidently amusing to our hosts, or 'captors,' I may call them, the apparent leader of whom addressed us, as the viands were being placed upon the table :

'Señors must be hungry after their ride : will they eat with us ?'

The manner of the man must have conveyed to Charley what he was about to say, before he actually uttered the words ; for he was at the table, and had an egg on his plate, before the conclusion of the sentence. As for me, I was more dignified ; and as I seated myself leisurely at the table, I began thanking him in bad Spanish, while Charley was eating in good Yankee style.

'We ask no thanks, Señor,' said the chief ; 'you are our prisoners ; we want your money, and your horses : at day-light you may go free with what we leave you !'

And strange as it may seem, his deliberate manner of telling us that we were to be skinned and turned loose in a strange forest, seemed to please Charley tremendously ; for he burst out in a loud guffaw, and laid back in his chair with a mouth full enough of chicken to choke a horse ; but at a severe look from me, he straightened up, the large, white grinders closed heavily on the dainty food, and for at least a minute he looked melancholy.

After supper we were stripped of our best clothes, and received in exchange all the old garments we could desire. Our money was taken from us, (at least three hundred good dollars,) and we were then allowed to resume our places in the corner. Charley quietly stretched himself out, and to my utter astonishment was soon as soundly asleep as if he were the sole proprietor of a 'marble hall,' or at least was dreaming that he dwelt therein. Not even the sweet strains of a guitar, played by a little girl of uncommon beauty, whom the chief called 'Uletta,' could rouse him, although had he seen her, I believe absolutely, he would have joined the troupe, married into the family, and eventually have generated a race of jolly thieves.

The Guerillas seemed to care no more for us, after they had pilfered all our valuables, than if we had been so many curs. We were apparently welcome to go when and where we pleased ; and after the guitar ceased, they gradually dropped down around the fire, and soon fell asleep.

Feeling no particular desire to have much more to do with the fellows, it occurred to me that we might as well depart noiselessly, as to run the risk of some change of programme in the morning ; so shaking Charley, who was on his feet in an instant, I suggested the plan of escape, to which

he readily acceded. Hastily stepping over two or three sleepers, I came to the rough table on which the chief had unwarily left our pile of money. How quickly yet noiselessly it was transferred to my pouch, is a matter left to the reader's imagination. On issuing from the hut, I found Charley preparing the horses, and we were soon in readiness for immediate departure.

'I've a devilish good mind to go back and steal some of my own clothes!' said Charley: 'that was an over-coat of ——'s best make.'

I protested, however, and he, good easy soul! submitted.

We struck off boldly enough, but soon lost our way; not for want of a path, but on account of the *abundance* of paths. Our guide we had left behind, feeling a little doubtful of his honesty, and rather inclining to think that he had purposely escorted us into the guerilla camp. We consequently roamed about, crossing and re-crossing, determining and re-determining, until, like eminent politicians, we 'knew no north, no south, no east, no west.' About day-light we came to an opening that resembled one we had passed over just before reaching the robbers' retreat the night before; and here, for the first time, I discovered that Charley had another and decidedly better horse than the one he bestrode previous to our capture. He remarked, in explanation, that having had his choice in the corral, he supposed 'turn-about was fair play,' and accordingly took the best one he could find; and the creature actually spurred his animal up, pranced him, and inquired of me, in the most innocent manner imaginable, what I thought of his acquisition? I have called him horse-thief ever since.

While resting from our labors in the aforesaid opening, I heard a sort of distressed groaning; and guiding my horse to the spot, who should I find but the little guitar-girl of the preceding night, lying in a thicket, her face swollen with insect-bites, and crying, and her leg broken just below the knee-joint. It appeared, on investigation, that she had started from the hut just before day-light, upon some errand; that her horse became unmanageable, had thrown her, and broken her leg. She had crawled to the thicket to avoid the coming sun, and from her account, had probably fainted away.

We were not a moment in deciding what to do, (an American seldom is, when Mercy calls on him,) but taking little Uletta in my arms, while Charley followed with the horses, we soon made our way, by the girl's guidance, to the robber-ranch.

Here we found all in confusion: the horse had returned without his rider, and the chief, whose daughter Uletta was, seemed almost frantic. The joy of the whole party at seeing us may be imagined. After caring for the little patient, and giving such directions as he thought advisable, the chief turned to us, and said:

'You Americans are a remarkable race. You were too wise to resist us — cunning enough to out-wit us — and brave enough to return to us on an errand of mercy. When you go home, I would have you remember that a guerilla, although an outlaw, and made a robber by oppression, is nevertheless possessed of gratitude. Your clothes and equipments shall be restored; your horses replaced by my best ones,' (here Charley seemed particularly interested;) 'and your route to Acapulco pointed

out to you by one of my best men. I trust, Señors, in your honor, and feel assured that no troops will be sent after us — that the secret of our habitation will not be revealed. *Adios!*'

We were placed in full possession of our own again, and by the aid of our fresh horses and a new guide, soon came in sight of the city. Here the man left us; and after riding into town, and leaving the horses at a place previously designated by the outlaw, we sat down to more chickens and eggs, in the French Restaurant of Frank Williams, and made up our minds that we had emphatically 'had an adventure.'

We soon after sailed for Mazatlan; but Charley became so disgusted with the pigmy appearance of the city Mexicans, after having seen the guerillas, that he declared he must either leave the country or go back to the robbers. With due regard for his moral culture, I therefore consented to come home, where we arrived safely, after having experienced what Charley called 'boisterous weather.'

M Y W I F I E ' S B A C K A G A I N .

AIR: 'WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVER O'T.'

I.

SHORT syne I had na heart to sing;
My harp untuned nae mair wad ring;
Noo I've got back the master string,
An' music I can mak again:
The weariest night, it ends wi' morn,
The langest lane at last will turn;
An' noo I sing, nae mair forlorn —
My winsome wife's back again!

II.

Lang days an' nights passed ower in gloom;
I thought the simmer ne'er wad come;
But noo, at ease I snap my thumb,
An' canty I can crack again.
Noo simmer smiles; blythe sing the birds;
The bairns o' joy strike a' the chords;
An' I — oh! what needs wastin' words —
My denty doo is back again!

III.

O man! without a wife's care,
Be your house fu', or be it bare.
'There's something wantin' late an' air'
To fill your heart an' make you fain.
Your seltish life's a lonesome spith;
But wife's smile, in pain or health,
Steals woo from want, or blesses wealth —
Thank HEAVEN! my wife's back again!

ÆTNA: A THRILLING TALE.

AMONG the wondrous sights on the earth, the volcano of Ætna will always hold a just preëminence. Renowned by past and present history, sublime by its elevation, its form, and the awful secrecy of unknown terrors which lie concealed within its bosom, the Sicilian volcano will always be viewed with the deepest, the most solemn awe.

It was with such feelings and with such thoughts as these, that I began to ascend the volcano on the morning of the fifth of May, 1849. I had left Catania on the day before, in order to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to glance carelessly upon it — no ; for to me there was always something reverend, something almost divine, in connection with this great mass of upheaved lava, which led me to look earnestly at its rugged sides. I wished to ascend, to view from its summit the fairest regions on earth ; to glance down, down into those unfathomable depths where fire, fire in all its terror, for ever dwells, for ever struggles !

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had been dismissed. I had been an invalid, and the fatigue of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity might well have daunted me. But after many restings and many haltings, I was able to attain the summit.

The summit ! Good heavens ! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awakened within me ? Can I ever forget the glimpse which I first caught of all the glories and all the horrors of nature mingled together in such fearful unison ?

Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows, and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and flashing in the sun as they wandered to the sea, with ten thousand labyrinthian turnings ; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ruffle, not a ripple ; there were terraces upon the sides of a hundred hills, where vineyards were planted, and where the trellised vines passed along, all green, all blooming ; there were groves of orange-trees, amid the dark-green foliage of which the golden oranges peeped forth like the flashes of phosphorescent light in a mid-night sea ; there were long avenues of cypresses, of acacias, of noble trees of many kinds, amid which kingly assemblage at times could be seen the noble summit of some stately palm, as it towered on high above the others.

And the sea — the wide, the boundless, the deep-blue Mediterranean — there it spread away, on the other side, as far as eye could reach, spreading away as far as thoughts could run — glorious as

‘The dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San-Salvador.’

But turn aside — and there, beneath, far beneath, lies an abyss like that of which Milton has sung in sublimest mortal strains.

I paused upon the brink, and, shuddering, I gazed down — down !

The thick and funereal volumes of tortuously-ascending smoke came seething upward as from a cauldron. It escaped from a myriad crevices in the rocky, precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projections, and united with the vast mass which came sublimely upward from the unfathomable depths.

Here, upon the sandy, rocky edge, where sulphur, and crumbled lava, and pumice-stone, were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat, and looked down. From the scene beyond, from that glimpse of earth, which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lovely and all that was most overpowering; to turn and gaze into a volcano's awful depths — what a change!

Involved in a thousand thoughts I sat there, thinking myself alone, when a sudden grating struck my ear. I was startled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined it to the other cliffs — upon the isthmus — I saw a mild-looking, middle-aged gentleman approach me.

He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick.

'I beg your pardon, Signor,' said he, in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone; 'I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your company. But it is not often that I see any visitor so far up.'

'My dear Sir! I beg you will make no excuses,' I replied; 'I was just admiring this scene below.'

'Ah! yes, 't is a glorious sight.'

'Glorious! say, rather, a terrible one.'

'Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surprised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely lovely!'

And as he spoke, a smile of bewitching beauty crossed his features.

'I suppose your tastes are different from those of many people, Signor. I have not such feelings. But may I ask you if you are often here?'

'Oh, yes! I live here,' he replied, waving his stick around. 'I live here.'

I thought that he meant me to understand that his home was on the mountain, where very many villas are situated.

'And I should suppose,' I continued, 'that you are often on the summit.'

'Oh! yes, I am here always.'

'Always! what a strange fascination it has for you!'

'It has! it has!' said the gentleman. 'Oh! a fearful' — and his voice grew low and hollow — 'a terrible fascination!'

I was silent.

'I will tell you,' said he, sitting closely by my side, and turning his eyes full toward mine. 'I do not wish you to inform any one. Promise me that you will not.'

I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now that within their depths there gleamed a strange and sinister light.

I promised him; and at the same time I uneasily drew back farther from the edge.

'Well then, Signor,' said he, 'I am king here! I rule Mount Ætna!'

'Yes?' I answered, a little alarmed at his words, and attempting to smile.

'Yes! I am king here. In me you see the being who causes the lava to pour forth, and overwhelm the regions below. I have lived here for centuries. The spirits of the deep obey me: see!'

He leaped up from the ground. There was a fearful fire in his eye, his nostrils were dilated, his pale face became as white as marble, and as bloodless, save that on either cheek there glowed a deep red spot.

'See!' he shrieked wildly and loudly; 'spirits of the deep, arise! Ha! — yonder — see them! — they are coming — in clouds — enrobed in thunder-garments — see!'

I leaped up from the ground: I gazed at him —

He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell far down in the abyss. He flung off his coat and threw it away.

'Signor,' said I, in hopes that a mild tone might make him calm, 'Signor, the winds obey you. Let us go.'

'Go? Where? Is not this my home? Is not this my palace? Saw you not my servants? You are my guest!'

'Will you not sit down and tell me about your home?' said I, shuddering.

'No! there are secrets that can never be spoken. Can you understand them? Who are you, a mortal, that you dare to ask?'

I walked slowly toward the narrow passage of land — the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go.

'Can this all be pleasantry?' thought I. An awful thought passed through me, which froze my heart's blood.

Pleasantry! There he stood, my wild companion, his eyes blazing, fixed piercingly on me, his hands clenched, his mouth foaming, every sinew in his body worked up. He stood, screaming, laughing. O God! I was alone with a maniac!

'You are to go with me,' he cried.

'Where?'

'There. I have come to carry you to my home.' He pointed with a cold, snaky smile down toward the unfathomable abyss whence ascended the terrible column of inky and suffocating smoke.

I gazed at him: for there was some element of fascination in his glassy stare, which forced me, compelled me, to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and disclosed, as they parted, his mouth and tightly-shut teeth.

'There is my home — there; and I have come to take you with me. Ha! ha! how happy you will be! Come!'

Still I gazed; while my heart throbbed with slow but terrible pulsations.

He advanced one step toward me.

I looked all around. The spell was broken which enchained my gaze. I looked all around: at the blue sky above, at the scorched earth around, at the horrible chasm beneath. There was no hope. Oh!

could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Could I but do it — but I could not! There was no hope!

‘What! do you not answer?’ he cried, suddenly lashed into fury by my silence, and stamping his foot in frenzy upon the rock. ‘Do you not answer? Then I must carry you with me!’

The maniac sprang toward me!

With all my energies roused into frantic action, with every sinew braced, and every muscle contracted, I planted my foot backward, against a small angular rock which projected above the loose, sandy soil, and endeavored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose thrillingly into the air, his eyes all bloodshot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck me — his arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace, his hot breath came burningly upon my cheek. I stood firm: for despair, and all the bitterness of death, had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed upon me the coolness of one in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his, my right I passed over his neck and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth.

It was a moment of horror such as no mortal tongue could ever tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while, three thousand feet beneath, lay the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour, my heart beats more forcibly even as I think upon the time.

Thus we stood, breast to breast, face to face — the madman and I — he with his arms encircling me; I seeking to save myself. He pressed me toward the edge of the cliff. He plunged his feet deep into the ground; he laughed mockingly, and screamed, as he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced; and I held him tightly, and I pushed him, and I sought to hurl him from me. Hurl him from me! — as well might the hungry tiger be hurled from his prey.

Oh! the agony of that struggle! I know not how long it was, but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman glared at mine all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white, all ghastly, was upturned toward me, as he shouted in his fiendish, mocking laughter.

‘O HEAVEN! Oh! horror! Can this, will this endure for ever?’ cried I in the agony of my fear. The maniac howled with derisive shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker. But he was a madman; and would he grow weaker also? A thousand thoughts fled through me.

Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful plunge. It was with the strength of a giant that he seized me. He raised me from my feet. The rock, the saving rock — I had lost it: I was gone. I threw my arms high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended in unison with the maniac’s mocking yell.

‘Down! down! to the bottomless pit! To the home of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of burning lakes!’ he screamed, as he gave a bound toward the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman strength, by a partial possession of even a madman’s power, I caught him by the throat, and

even on the very edge, even when in sight of the abyss, I sprang back, I bore him back; I brought him to the ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his throat still in a fierce grasp, while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and his legs around mine. I felt his hot breath from his open mouth as my cheek lay pressed against his face; I heard them grate harshly, and drew my head violently away, as he sought to seize me with his sharp teeth.

In our frantic struggles on the ground, we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice-stone ascended around us in suffocating clouds. I was half-insane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fine choking dust, and rubbed it violently over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils and lungs. He gave a jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around, I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang; a moment after, and a fearful force was straining there, holding my head down with irresistible force. Another moment, and I arose; while wild and high arose the shriek of the maniac, as he fell down — down — into the abyss!

MADAME ROLAND'S LAST NIGHT.

To-morrow, and the guillotine
 Shall end my weary life!
 To-morrow, and the world shall see
 The last of ROLAND'S wife!
 The people whom he sought to save
 Already dig my narrow grave.

Hark to the mirth within!
 They spread the feast:
 The victims of to-morrow's axe
 Concerned the least.
 Hark to the happy, joyous laugh
 With which the brimming cup they quaff!
 They drink, with scornful cheer,
 To tyrant ROBESPIERRE!

Their gloomy jests will now out-last
 The watches of the night,
 Although the fatal summons come
 With dawning of the light.
 How different was the solemn scene
 One little week ago;
 When the condemned Girondists supped
 With VERGNAUD!
 Their noble cause and leader made
 The closing night sublime;
 Their country shall recall the scene
 Throughout recorded time.

My heart within me does not quail;
 My earthly task is done:
 Yet shall I grieve to look my last
 Upon the blessed sun.

My daughter! thou alone wilt be
Upon this dark, tempestuous sea;
But yet, I trust thy mother's friends
For her lost love will make amends.

O France! for whom I would have died,
If my poor life
Could e'er have checked the progress of
Fraternal strife,
Or given freedom to the land,
Why has thy bloody hand
Been raised against a helpless wife,
So young in life?

O LIBERTY! what awful deeds
Are acted in thy name!
Not girt about with bloody men
To me the vision came!
But why recall
A vision darkened by the pall?

Be still, my heart, and yet rejoice!
My husband still is free:
God grant his foot-steps wander far
Across the narrow sea.
How will he weep when I am gone!
He will not close my eyes,
Or know within what nameless trench
My head dissevered lies.

But life — thanks to the living God!
Departs not with the breath;
My woman-soul shall pass' unharmed
The iron gates of death.

See! slow comes on the dawning light;
I hear the empty cart!
What human terrors shake my frame,
And petrify my heart!
Yes, I must ride the city through,
And old, familiar places view;
Between the sabres of my guard
Look on the pleasant scene
Where, in the pride of womanhood,
So often I have been.

I shall be clasped by ruffian men;
And, mocked at, stand and see
The young and brave departing to
Eternity!
Yes, I shall hear the rabble cry,
As fast we die!
So be it. In that bitter hour,
God grant me power
So to meet my doom unjust
That, when I crumble in the dust,
Others who their country love,
And perish in its strife,
May nerve their failing courage with
The thought of ROLAND'S wife!

SIGMA.

'A PROMISING YOUNG MAN.'

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

[THE following extraordinary history is said to have been found recently in the corner of an old rickety shed, near the steamboat-landing in the city of Buffalo. A small pile of straw, a few her-ring-bones and potato-parings, indicating that some person had found a night's lodging there, and a manuscript containing this history, were all that proclaimed the occupant of the desolate premises. The manuscript was indistinct, and difficult to decipher, having evidently been written with a very trembling hand. The writer's nervous system must have been completely shattered by intemperance.]

'I WAS left an orphan and poor, at a very early age, but being esteemed a boy of good parts, the friends of my parents obtained for me a good school education, and I was received into college as a charity-scholar. I graduated when I was twenty, with a reputation for decided 'smartness.' More democracy prevails among students in college than in the world at large. Young men, generally, do not have the disposition or feel the necessity to 'crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning;' and the unreflecting generosity of youth prompts students to do more than justice, perhaps, to their poor companions. Be this as it may, I was a good deal flattered in my college career, and was led to form too great expectations in consequence. I was foolish enough then to believe that wit was a positive quality. I afterward discovered that it was no such thing; that it was merely relative. It was necessary that certain other subordinate qualities should accompany it, in order to have it highly prized. Like a diamond, its brilliancy was not perceptible unless it was highly polished, and richly set in gold.

'The professors of the college were interested in me, and offered to procure me a situation as teacher of a school, with a salary of one thousand dollars a year. But my aspirations were much too high for any such situation. I determined to study law, and had every expectation that I might become a judge, at least, by the time I was twenty-five. I had read of the high positions that many distinguished men had attained at an early age, and saw no reason why I might not. The professors, who very easily understood my feelings, did not urge the matter, no doubt thinking it best that the conceit should be taken out of me in the natural way.

'Well, I studied law, went to Philadelphia, hung out my sign, ready to commence practice. But my own experience, taken in connection with that of a good many other young lawyers, soon convinced me that waiting for clients was very much like waiting for the millennium. What often happens to young lawyers, occurred to me. Failing to obtain practice at that bar which replenishes the pocket, strengthens the mind, and brings influence and honor, I practised too much at that other bar which empties the pockets, destroys the mind, body, reputation, and all. I became reduced to the most extreme poverty, and was obliged to seek some employment, or starve. The question at once

arose, 'What I was fit for?' I had had no experience in mercantile life, wrote a miserable hand, and was every way unfitted for a clerk. My dissipated habits, which my whole appearance too plainly proclaimed, were not calculated to throw any particular prepossession in my favor, with those of whom I sought a situation. It was very evident that I must not be over-nice about the employment I might obtain.

'There was a billiard-room adjoining the bar-room where much of my time and money were spent. After a long and unsuccessful search for almost any thing to do, my small supply of money being entirely exhausted, I got a temporary situation as billiard-marker in this saloon. This was a highly-responsible and intellectual office, but notwithstanding the great amount of intellect required to discharge the duties faithfully, it seemed that I had not sufficient capacity for the situation: I could not confine my attention to the game, but my thoughts were constantly running off to something else. The consequence was, I did not count correctly, and was accused of partiality, dishonesty, etc. Fights ensued; and such a state of things could not last. I was discharged, and forced to seek some new employment, or starve. I had long had misgivings about possessing any latent natural qualification as a billiard-marker, and doubted if by long practice I could ever hope to attain to any particular preëminence in the calling.

'My efforts to procure employment again were more unsuccessful than at first. I applied for the situation of clerk to a lawyer, but on ascertaining that the duties of billiard-marker had proved too intricate and burdensome for me, he facetiously remarked that if I found my former employment too metaphysical, he should distrust my abilities for the work he should require of me.

'I at last obtained a situation in a stable; slept there nights, and cleaned horses through the day. Some skill in the management of horses procured for me the charge of a superb stallion, which for one season I attended upon his circuit. An unfortunate accident deprived me of this delicate and confidential trust. On a certain occasion, as I was leading the noble animal from the stable, he broke away from me, slipped, fell, and broke his leg.

'This was a sad blow. Most of my employer's property was invested in him, and his domestic affections centred upon him. It was said that he was more attached to him than to his wife and children, and those who were acquainted with all the parties had no doubt on the subject. His indignation against me (the innocent cause) was very great. After using the most abusive language toward me, he discharged me without paying any of the arrears which were my due. I was again cast upon the world without a shilling, and no stable to sleep in.

'For a week or more I was a vagabond about the streets of the town, obtaining a precarious sort of support by occasional jobs of work. Sometimes I procured a lodging under a roof, but oftener in the open air. On one occasion, when I had found a comfortable resting-place by the side of a large tent which inclosed a caravan, and after I had been asleep some time, I was suddenly awakened by feeling some one apparently endeavoring to pick my pockets. The first emotion I experienced was one of consolation, for the fact of some one trying to rob me sug-

gested the idea of a degradation still lower than my own. But when I discovered that it was not a human being, this feeling vanished.

'It appeared that a monkey had escaped from his cage, and was trying to relieve my pockets of the orange-peel I had picked up in the street, and had thrust into them. I now captured him, and fastened him to a stake. In the morning, I took him to the proprietor of the menagerie. To make the acquaintance of a man through the introduction of a monkey, does not certainly strike one as the most favorable auspices under which an acquaintance might be commenced, but I thought nothing of that. My only apprehension was, that the monkey might be ashamed of his company. But he was not, and his owner was so glad to recover him that he gave me a dollar for my trouble.

'Noticing my forlorn appearance, he asked me if I did not want to let myself.' I replied at once in the affirmative. He then said he wanted to get a mate for the ourang-outang he had, and that if I would consent to be covered all over with hair, and made to resemble as nearly as possible an ourang-outang, he would pay me liberally. Giving me a very scrutinizing glance, he remarked that the change would be attended with less trouble than I anticipated, as the transformation was already partly effected. I was afraid to ask him whether he had reference to my mental or physical endowments, but rather hesitatingly flattered myself that he meant the latter. The nature of the employment did not impress me very favorably, but I was by no means fastidious, and gladly accepted the proposed offer. Although at that time I did not esteem myself a very superior animal to the ourang-outang, it yet required a good deal of labor to render me a fit companion for my future 'chum.' By dint of great patience and unwearied exertions, I was deemed at last to resemble quite nearly my more renowned prototype; and I was placed by his side in the cage, ready for exhibition with the other animals.

'I never was a proud man, and therefore felt no particular elevation of spirits, even at this time. I forbear to mention my experience when on exhibition. Almost every one has visited a menagerie, and knows what respectful and indulgent treatment monkeys, ourang-outangs, etc., receive from even vagabond-boys, and the multitude generally. It was, however, too exciting a life for me; I lost twenty pounds of flesh in a short time; my health failed me, and I was obliged to give up the business, although it proved the most lucrative of any in which I had ever been engaged.

'Hearing that an eminent foreign philosopher was lecturing upon the origin of the human race, and that he contended that the whole human family had a common ancestry in the man of the wood, or ourang-outang — calling particular attention to myself and chum, at that time on exhibition in the city — I resolved to go and hear him. He drew large audiences and was looked upon as a 'new light.' Some of his assertions, however, his audience seemed to regard as very paradoxical; one, in particular, I recollect: that he had no doubt that in ten generations even, the offspring of such an animal as myself, great pains being taken with their cultivation and improvement, would possess most of the attributes common to the human family. This opinion

was highly cheering to me, and I could hardly repress my exultation. He dwelt at considerable length on the faint points of resemblance I had to man, observing, however, that my eye was greatly inferior to that of the human eye. The particular inferiority in this feature, he said, was easily accounted for. The eye was considered the window of the soul, and as ourang-outangs were not supposed to have any soul, hence the dull and stupid look mine possessed.

'This reflection upon the expression of my eyes was too much; and I could hardly refrain from getting up and exposing him. But I soon thought that an ourang-outang was out of place, speaking in public, and held my peace.

'When the lecture was over, and the audience had gone, I went up to the lecturer, and in rather a consequential and imposing manner said:

'Well, Sir, you have made out a fine case, truly!'

'Fine case! how, Sir? I don't understand you!'

'I will explain, Sir,' replied I, 'and I think after you have heard my explanation, you will have a very exalted opinion of your philosophy. You must know, Sir, that I personated that ourang-outang whose attributes you have so eloquently descanted upon this evening. Yes, Sir,' raising my voice, as he seemed to be unmoved by the announcement, '*I myself* was that ourang-outang!'

'I expected the man would be completely confounded; but instead of that, he manifested no surprise whatever. 'Ah! *are* you indeed?' he exclaimed, hardly looking at me; 'well, you are just the man I wanted to see. The proprietor of the menagerie told me you was a capable fellow, and I have a proposition to make to you. But how do you like being an ourang-outang? I became tired enough of it. I used to act the same part you have been playing, but the other ourang-outang and I quarrelled, and I was obliged to give it up. However, the proprietor of the menagerie pays me the same for 'lecturing' that I received in the other capacity. Well, the menagerie is soon to be taken about the country, and the proprietor wants me to precede it with my lectures. Now I have a call in another direction, and would like to have you take my lectures and deliver them about the country instead of me. He will pay you the same wages that you have been receiving. What do you say to the proposition?'

'This was said by the lecturer in the most serious and business-like manner imaginable. When he had finished, I burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Well,' exclaimed I, as soon as I could compose myself, 'this is enough to make an ourang-outang philosophize! truly, this world is 'a two-edged lie, which *seems*, but *is* not!'

'Any change from an ourang-outang seemed desirable, and a bargain between us was soon struck up. When he handed me the lectures, he remarked that I should have to study them a little, and if I found any thing obscure in them, Mr. Versatile, who lived in Oxford-street, and who wrote them, could explain. 'The author,' he said, 'observed when he gave them to me, that they had been written in great haste, but he presumed none of my audiences would be very profound critics, either in philosophy or aesthetics.'

‘ ‘Æsthetics’ ? ’ said I, ‘ what are they ? ’

‘ I don’t know,’ replied he ; ‘ I asked the proprietor of the caravan, and he said he had never heard of them, but he presumed they were no very great curiosity, and that nothing could be made by exhibiting them.’

‘ I had very good success in lecturing, and made quite a sensation through the country. The philosophy I taught gave new confidence and boldness to the infidels and materialists who flocked to hear me, and they considered that I approached as near an inspired person as they could conceive of. This new employment was more gratifying to me than any I had been engaged in before, but it was not destined to last. The proprietor of the menagerie quarrelled with some of his employées, who were in the secret of the home-manufacture of ourang-outangs, and the whole thing was exposed. Of course, after the exposure, my occupation was gone, and the lectures were only worth what they would bring for paper-rags.

‘ I was again cast upon the great oyster, the world, without a knife to open it with. I became successively, essence-peddler, scissors-grinder, street-organ player, a shipwrecked Italian beggar, and had several other less respectable callings—all in the course of a very short period. When the Mexican war broke out, as I had exhausted nearly every peaceful occupation I had ever heard of——’

HERE the manuscript was so much blurred and torn that it was impossible to read it any farther. A paper describing the best route to the Mormon settlement had been slipped in between the leaves of the MS. : so it appears not improbable that the author had become a Mormon, and was bound for the Salt Lake City.

A B O N N E T - S O N N E T .

BY BARRY BRAKE.

HERE’s a tipsy little sonnet, on a jaunty little bonnet,
 With a myrtle-wreath upon it, that I saw at church to-day;
 With a wealth of curls below, in many a golden ringlet flowing,
 On the lightest breeze out-blowing, in wavy, ‘wilderling’ play;
 ’T was a sweet bewitching face in it, with wondrous charming grace in it,
 And not the faintest trace in it, of—any thing unpleasant;
 Pale the forehead was, and fair, under two soft waves of hair,
 Not too high, and not too square; just arched like a crescent:
 The brown eyes that shone below it were as bright as dream of poet,
 (Ah! I’m half afraid they know it, by their merry-glancing wiles!)
 Cheeks with rose and lily blended, mouth like CUPID’S bow unbended,
 Or like dewy tulips rended, when it parted in her smiles;
 All within* that little bonnet,
 With the myrtle-wreath upon it.

* By ‘within,’ in this connection, I mean ‘in the vicinity of;’ not intending to convey the impression that the ‘little bonnet’ was so horribly un-stylish as to be capable of *containing* a face.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR-HILL.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Poplar-Hill, September, 18—

DEAR EMILY : It is, doubtless, very wrong to begin a letter when one is in an angry mood, yet I cannot resist the desire to relieve my mind of its burden. I am vexed with mother, for her rudeness and impertinence, and I am vexed with myself because I retorted. I am sadly discouraged. My impulses are so vigorous and quick, I have scarcely the power to curb them. I made so many resolutions last night to be more prudent, and to-day — but I must tell you.

This morning, about half an hour before dinner, Susan came up stairs and told me a gentleman had been waiting a long time for me below. Did she know who it was? 'No; she had never seen him before; he was a little gentleman, and looked very tired.' I dropped my work and ran down. One glance convinced me who it was; the slight, youthful figure, the light, curling hair and pensive features betrayed Mr. Allan. He was standing in the door, leaning against the casement, and gazing at the coat of arms with a mingled expression of disgust and weariness. He replied very coldly to my cordial greeting, and seemed loth to enter the parlor. His manner chilled me, but I endeavored to converse naturally, and after a time succeeded. I felt quite interested in his school at Beverley, and felt sure, if I could get him fairly launched on his favorite topic, his embarrassment would be removed. In my earnestness to make him feel at ease, I forgot the flying moments; the first dinner-bell started me. I could not do less than invite him to remain to dinner, and then I left him, to go and tell mother what I had done. I found her in the kitchen, with a fiery face, and a more fiery temper. Before I could speak, she asked, sharply, 'What did that man want of you, Bertha?'

'It was Mr. Allan, the school-master at Beverley,' I replied; 'he has walked all the way, and I have invited him to remain to dinner.'

'Well!' she loftily exclaimed, 'you may stay and prepare the dinner for your grand visitor; I am not dressed to see company. Your taste, Bertha, in selecting companions shows your breeding': she muttered something more, which I lost as she left the kitchen.

For a moment I was bewildered. Her words entered my soul like a stream of fire, and for an instant I was insensible to all but its effects. Then the responsibility of directing the meal and the entertainment of the visitor, occurred to me. I had ten minutes to prepare, and I did my best. I flew from dining-room to kitchen, from kitchen to dining-room; my ignorance of the pantry hindered me, but, worse than all, I was forced to go to mother for the keys of the wine-cellar. She told me she thought it very unnecessary to put wine on the table for a school-master. My temper was roused, and I answered, 'The hospitality of my father's house shall suffer no reflection if I can help it.'

I expected to occupy mother's place at dinner, and we were seating

ourselves, when I was somewhat surprised to see her enter. She took no notice of Mr. Allan, except to dislike or find fault with every article of food upon the table, and that was done, I suppose, to make him uncomfortable. I cannot tell when I have been so annoyed. I pitied Mr. Allan, was disgusted with mother, angry with myself, and, between the three, found much difficulty in preserving my composure and dignity. At last the meal was over, and I could fly 'the presence.'

We went to the garden, and under the willows, but Mr. Allan soon took his leave of me. I am so mortified that a stranger should be so insulted at Poplar-Hill. An indignity that casts a reproach on these venerable walls, and might well cause to blush the ill-bred woman who rules over them! I regret that, of all others, this should have happened to Mr. Allan. There is a timidity in his eye and manner that betrays a sensitive heart. I hope this circumstance may not prevent his continued visits; it will be an object with me now to remove the unhappy impression he has received. He was to stop at Sparrow-Bush on his way home, but I fear he will not reach Beverley to-night.

Large rain-drops have for some time pattered on the leaves; now they fall in torrents. The old crab-apple-tree in front of the window tosses wildly in the wind, and scatters the rain almost on my paper. I must close the sash. Oh! the rain does me good; it cools my heated brain and quiets my disturbed spirit. Were you ever in an old garret during a summer storm? I was up stairs yesterday during that heavy shower. I went to look again among the old books, and, though the clouds were dark and the air chill, I was surprised soon after to hear the drops come down upon the roof; at first, as if wrung by threats and blows, and then, in their gushing strength, like floods of penitential tears. The heavens groaned, and angry clouds chased each other across the sky. I went to the gable window and looked out. All nature lay before me, beaten with many stripes. The swallows under the eaves plaintively chirped their terror. One lone robin flew for shelter against the six-inch panes before me. I lifted the sash, but it fled affrighted. I looked around me; the shadows had deepened; the old and broken furniture stored in remote corners looked grotesque and solemn; grim faces looked at me from the faded bonnets hanging on the beams, and the cast off-garments of many years seemed filled with moving life. I looked up; nothing but the time-worn rafters between me and the falling floods! I was filled with fear and awe, and, trembling, with eagerness fled to the stairs, and to my own room. But the storm of to-day resembles not that of yesterday. The sun already penetrates the thin clouds. Mr. Allan will get home to-night.

I miss Margaret's companionship greatly, now that she has gone with Agnes to Saratoga. For the first few days after her departure I scarce knew how to occupy myself; but the change will do her good, and Agnes will care for her tenderly. Elsie finds her way quite often to my room. She is an inquisitive child, and annoys me with multitudinous questions. She has many of her mother's ways, and I am ashamed to acknowledge it, but I am suspicious of her. She comes sometimes, I am sure, to find out what I am doing. She eyes Margaret with untold curiosity. I am glad to find Maggie has so decided a taste

for reading, and am impressed with the responsibility of directing her. I had a conversation with Harold the other day about it. I asked him if I should lead her to historical works altogether, and wait the development of her mind before she took up lighter literature.

'By no means,' he replied, 'read with her the standard poets. Cultivate her heart first, and then her intellect.'

'But,' I interrupted, 'you would not advise her imagination to be so lavishly nourished?'

'You forget,' said he, 'that there is philosophy, there is religion in poetry. It will refine her tastes, elevate her thoughts, engross her mind, subdue her spirit.'

'Many persons think that history can alone form the character.'

'I know it is so considered,' returned Harold; 'there are minds, mathematical minds we might call them, which crave a logical reach of thought; but many soon tire of an uninterrupted course of historical reading. Especially to a child this would prove irksome and repellent.'

'Yet, may not the two be blended?' I asked.

'Certainly. So direct her mind that she will seek of herself to know the events of the past, and the creations of the poet will intensify her desire. Do not debar her from all light reading; there are many novels, and they not of the frivolous or immoral character, which would interest her.'

Mother had entered the room at the last remark, and stood by us. 'It appears to me,' said she, volunteering her opinion, 'that if the present generation lived more in society than in their books, the world would fare better. I see no sense in a girl learning Latin and Greek, and a thousand other things they are taught now-a-days; it were better if they spent more time in the kitchen.'

'But,' interrupted Harold, 'a woman can never acquire a well-balanced character without the study of books, although I will not deny that every branch of house-keeping is essential. Consistency is entirely overlooked in this nineteenth century. I would rather that my sister be well-read in books at eighteen, than that her knowledge be exclusively confined to the culinary department, for *that* is the more readily learned. Let me beg you,' he continued, addressing me, 'not to confine Margaret's attention too closely. Her health is more precious now than her education, and the light step and rosy cheek will recompense for years to come the deficiency in book-knowledge. Go with her to the fields, and interpret for her the glowing language of nature, and first fill her heart with adoration for the Inspirer of all goodness and poetry.'

I was thankful for the advice given. Its justice and wisdom were clear and convincing.

M O R N I N G .

I deemed this letter finished, but now I must begin and fill these pages anew. Did you know whose eyes are fixed upon me now, and whose voice striving to perplex me, you would not wonder. Last night, as I was closing the window, about eleven o'clock, to shut out the dampness, I heard some one calling me, in a suppressed voice, 'Bertha, sister Bertha!' My heart beat fast: I leaned over, and peered through

the darkness. A tall form was beneath me in the tree shadows. He was looking up, and when he saw me, came forward, whispering, in the same tone, 'It is Henry, come down to me!' How I closed the window, put on my clothes, went down in the dark, or unfastened the door, I cannot tell. I only know that I was soon folded in two strong arms and noiselessly borne back to my room. It was Henry, indeed, my long-lost brother! I knew it by his voice in the darkness, and by the careful scrutiny of his features in the dim star-light. That he had come without weary hours of expectation and anxiety, that he was actually in my arms, that I was leaning on his breast, and listening to his loved voice, was all too blissful to be real.

We talked long and earnestly, and then we went on tip-toe to the kitchen to find some refreshments. The lamp-light did more justice to his face and form. He is not the boy of old. The waving hair upon his brow is deepened in shade, and his forehead is browned by exposure. His eyes, too, are more deeply set and more intense, and his form has expanded to the height of manhood. Yet his smile is the same clear, loving smile, and his voice unaltered. If not a little pride swelled my bosom as I gazed, I may be forgiven. After he was refreshed, he performed the same humorous antics as of old. Walking round the kitchen, with a proud, firm tread, he exclaimed:

'Venerable chairs and tables, I greet you! It is long since my step resounded here. Bestir yourselves at your master's coming; waken your thrilling voices and welcome me!'

I meanwhile was replacing the dishes, and when I had finished, he drew me to the light and said, 'Dear child, you are greatly changed;' then he added, more softly and tenderly, 'You are sad when you should only look glad!'

If I was sad, my eyes brightened in looking at him, and this perchance, for he kissed my lips and brow, and we went up stairs. Breathlessly we found my room. I should have feared in the silent darkness, but my hand was firmly clasped in his, and our feet were too familiar with the way to mistake it. He slept the few remaining hours of night in the bed-room within my own, but I did not close my eyes.

Day-light found me at my father's bed-side. By degrees I told him all, and when I received a tearful command to bring Henry hither, I was content.

But I must stop. Henry will not leave us in a long, long time, and perhaps ere this reaches you, you may see him.

Good-bye: your happy

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

LETTER SEVENTH.

Poplar-Hill, October, 18—.

DEAR EMILY: Henry has just entered my room with the sad intelligence of old Stephen's death. Last night, when I saw him, he seemed to be comfortable, and when Henry went this morning to carry him some little dainty, he expected to find the old man improved. When he reached Sparrow-Bush, Stephen lay in a tranquil slumber, from which he awoke to converse awhile, and then 'fell asleep.' I am so thankful

he has gone without apparent suffering. Happy, happy Stephen, to be taken so gently to 'the mansion prepared for thee!'

I think he must have talked earnestly to Henry at the last, although I cannot gather positive proof from his conversation. When he came in my room, he sat down by the east window, and leaning against the casement, gazed long on the beautiful landscape. After answering my questions, he sat a long time musing. When he spoke, he seemed to think aloud:

'It were a happy thing to die like old Stephen, in blissful delusion!'

'There was no delusion,' I replied, going up and standing by him; 'his soul is in heaven.'

'The soul!' repeated Henry, dreamily; 'what is the soul? how do we know we have souls?'

My heart stopped beating; was my brother a skeptic? Something impelled me to answer, and unmeditated words passed my lips:

'We are all conscious of it: we have internal evidence that it is so.'

He did not notice my remark, but went on.

'Where is the soul? Some say it is *here*,' laying his hand on his heart; 'but the troubling of the fount of thought is not there. It must live in the brain, or what is the drift of phrenology? Yet we die, and the inspirer of life, motion, feeling, utterance, is departed — where?'

'*Where!*' how that rang in my ears! I leaned over him, put my arms around his neck, looked down in his deep, sorrowful eyes. I would have given worlds to have solved those questions. I knew what I believed, but 'I could not reason, I could only feel.' I trembled with the consciousness of my responsibility, but I entreated no help and found none. My spirit yearned for the infinite and incomprehensible.

'Bertha,' said Henry in a natural tone, 'Bertha, you *are* a beautiful girl!'

My arms fell from him, and I stepped abashed.

'Come back to me!' he exclaimed, catching me, and placing me beside him, 'I will not praise you, if you will only smile again. Tell me, is Bessie Howard the prettiest girl here?'

I sighed deeply before the expectant answer came. It did not please him.

'I see nothing beautiful in Laura Langworthy,' he said, pettishly; 'I thought she would freeze me last Sunday, when I saw her. What has become of Kitty Crawford?'

'She has spent the last year in Virginia. Do you remember her? She must have been a child when you left.'

'A child, indeed, but a bewitching one. What a dainty little foot she had! what tempting lips! I verily feel now, the last kiss I stole from her. I wish she was here!' he sighed heavily, as he arose and walked half-spitefully across the room, then, turning on his heel, exclaimed:

'Bertha, let's do something, any how; it is dreadful to sit moping here all day.'

'What shall we do?' I quietly asked.

'Any thing. Let's have some fun. Can't you invite some girls here?'

'It is not possible,' I returned; 'I cannot amuse you this morning, Henry; I must write to Emily, that James may take the letter to Beverley this afternoon.' Suiting the action to the word, I took my port-folio and selected my writing materials, Henry watching me all the while with his hands on his side, and a certain comic air of dejection about his whole figure. Then he started off, saying he must kill time until dinner. I allowed him to go, but could wish he were here again.

Henry annoys me a great deal. He and mother quarrel constantly. When she says any thing that displeases him, he tells her of it, instead of allowing it to pass unnoticed, as I have found it best to do. She vexes him by referring to his present idleness.

'I will have no words with her on the subject,' he said to me the other day; 'it is enough that I have worked like a slave five years on ship-board, and that now I require rest. It might put some flesh on her own bones, did she go and do likewise.'

'Oh! Henry!' said I; 'remember of whom you are speaking. She is your father's wife.'

'My father's wife!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'It was not enough that she should drive me from my home, but she must make my father treat me like a beggar. I'll not long be a beggar on his bounty!'

When he gets into a passion, I know not how to pacify him. I missed him a long time, yesterday, and when he came to me, his face was flushed, and his eyes unusually bright. 'Bertha,' he exclaimed, 'I have found my mother's picture in the garret. I am going to carry it down, and hang it in the parlor.'

'You must not. O Henry! it would make mother so angry!'

'I shall do it!' he said, turning from me with a decision I too well understood. I ran after him, seized him in affright. 'Listen to me, Henry! Let me speak to father first. Possessed of his authority, her anger will not trouble us.'

He seemed confident that I would succeed; so I went, and he waited for me. I happily found father alone. It was a delicate subject, but I plunged into it. He was startled; and said, oh! so meekly and tremblingly:

'Tell him not to disturb it: I shall get no peace if it is brought down.'

How could I tell Henry that? But I did tell him. I might well tremble for its effect. He grew pale with rage. 'This from him!' was all he said. Up and down, back and forth, across my room he paced. I dared not approach him. At last he sank down by the bed, and buried his face in the pillow. I went to him, and leaning against him, wept violently. My tears softened him.

'Bertha,' he said, taking me in his arms, 'let us pray that we may never live to grow old! Oh! to think,' he continued, after a pause, 'that my father could have said this! that he could so have forgotten the bride of his youth! that he should not care to gaze on that dear face! O Bertha! that it should have come to this!'

'Never mind, Henry!' I said, cheerfully wiping away my tears; 'that picture is precious to us, if to none else; we will cherish it, if all others do forget. Let us go and look at it now.'

We went together. He had taken it from the corner, and placed it where the light fell upon it. It was the first time I had seen it for years. I remembered what Aunt Mary had told me. 'It was painted,' she said, 'just after your mother was married. An artist from New-York came to take it, and remained several weeks a guest at 'the Hill.' While she sat for it, your father talked to her, fondly thinking his voice could alone call forth a natural expression.'

And there she sat, that sweet mother, with all the pride and dignity of her new life resting on her young brow. How those soft eyes reproached us for our hasty ire! Henry felt it; he drew me to him, and whispered, 'You are like her: for you softened me.' After a while, we lifted the picture to its old place, and left it in the silent darkness. But those reproachful eyes gazed still from the depths of our own hearts.

I am in constant fear lest Henry may get into trouble. Whenever I hear loud voices, I go trembling to the head of the stairs, to listen if it is Henry's voice. Too often, it is his. I cannot always blame him. Mother needs reproof, although not, perhaps, from such a source. Yet the moments of happiness that I pass with him far counterbalance those of anxiety. His natural refinement of character has clung to him, despite his sea-faring life; and his habit of thought, always clear and discriminative, has become more penetrating in an extended field. He animates me with his humor, affects me with his sensibility, fires me with passion, melts me with his tenderness. He leads me whithersoever he chooses, yet is himself ever willing to be led. He has his faults, and I see them plainly; but, as a favorite author says: 'I should as soon think of loving him the less for them, as of ceasing to look up to Heaven because there are a few clouds in the sky.'

We expect Margaret home to-morrow: my brother-in-law sends his secretary to Kilvale, and he will bring her to us. Agnes is in New-York with the children, and my brother-in-law, most of the time, in Washington. I am afraid politicians do not make good husbands. It is sad to be so neglected, even if it is for one's country! Still, I would not infer that Agnes is unhappy. I can only guess how I should feel in her situation. She has indeed every luxury that wealth and a refined taste can procure for her; two lovely children — but she has not always her husband's society and sympathy.

What has become of Harold, lately? He was here, a few days since, to go fishing with Henry, but I did not see him. Henry could tell me nothing of him, although he said they talked a great while, and on interesting subjects. I should judge so, as they gave him food for thought, for hours after. How was Harold pleased with Henry?

I had almost forgotten to tell you what a spicy conversation I had with Elfie, the other day. We were walking together, and I was wishing Margaret was returned.

'Do you think Margaret is pretty?' Elfie asked me.

'Yes; I think she is very pretty, don't you?' I answered, somewhat surprised at her question.

'No, indeed, I guess I don't!' said Elfie sneeringly; 'I have heard a great many say she was very ordinary.'

'They must have been persons of no taste whatever,' I said, as calmly as I could, 'if they called Margaret ordinary. A great many have told me she would be the handsomest of the family.'

'Oh! oh!' exclaimed Elfie, incredulously, 'I have heard a great many compliments for you and Agnes, but I never in my life heard one for Margaret.'

'That is strange!' I returned; 'for I hear them continually.'

'I heard some one say that Mr. Ellicott's eldest daughters were fine-looking, prettily-formed girls, but I never heard any one say that Margaret was even pretty.'

'Well,' I answered, with an inward kindling, 'if Agnes and I are handsome, Margaret is very beautiful, for we cannot compare with her.'

She shook her head doubtfully. 'At any rate,' she continued, pertinaciously, 'she does not go in such good society as I do.'

'Good society!' I reiterated; 'I'd like to know who she visits that you do not?'

'Old Stephen's grand-daughter; and you go there, too, quite often.'

'What do I go there for, Elfie? What did I do there the other day, when you went with me?'

The jealous child hung down her head; then said, tossing back her curls, and looking pertly at me:

'Well, all that I can say is, that I hope her disposition will be changed before she dies!'

I was stunned. 'O Elfie!' I said, sadly, 'that is too much! Never, in all Maggie's life, did I hear her say so unkind a thing of you!'

She was frightened. 'I did not mean any thing,' she began, 'but I do hope that you and I, as well as Margaret, will be changed before we die.'

I could not speak to her, I was so grieved. She, glad to escape, ran away. That little conversation impressed me for days; and even now, when I recall it, I am lost in wonder that so young a child should so readily have learned lessons of deceit and jealousy.

And did they say, sweet Margaret, that thou wert less beautiful than Agnes? As well might the pearl be compared to the ruby, or the spotless lily to the blushing rose. The coming years will unfold to all thy youthful beauties, and the stainless purity of thy character shed a lustre over all thy pathway.

I must close. I see Henry and father coming up the avenue. Father leans heavily on Henry's arm, and seems overcome with sorrow. They must have been down to Sparrowbush. Oh! happy Stephen, lying 'safe and silent' in that little homestead! Nothing can trouble him again!

Good-bye! — yours sincerely,

BERTHA ELlicOTT.

L E G E N D O F T H E ' I N D I A N R O C K . *

BY J. SWETT.

Two figures are coarsely sculptured
On the face of an old granite block,
Half-covered by clustering mosses,
Which grow on the Indian rock.

Unknown are the hands which carved them;
They were chiselled in days by-gone:
And this is the terrible legend
Long told of the Indian stone:

Two sachems were ranging the forest
With footsteps stealthy and low,
When instead of the timorous rabbit,
Each met his deadliest foe.

They stood like two grim bronze statues
By the ancient masters of art;
For the basilisk glance of the warriors
Alone spoke the rage of the heart.

They glared on each other an instant,
Then warily closed in the strife:
The prize was an enemy's scalp-lock,
The struggle for vengeance and life.

Before their unearthly war-whoop
The rabbit and wild deer fled,
And the scarlet leaves of the maple
Grew redder beneath their tread.

From the wounds of the war-knife and hatchet
The red drops pattered like rain,
As they closed in the last death-grapple,
And tugged with a Python-like strain.

They rolled on the ground together,
With limbs twined in desperate hold,
And throttled each other in madness,
Till their bodies grew stiffened and cold.

Next day the Indians found them,
Still clutched in an iron embrace,
The scowl of defiance and hatred
Stamped deep on each glaring face.

They buried them as they found them,
With war-knife, hatchet, and bow;
And long have they mouldered together,
Each clasped by his skeleton-foe.

* Near Portsmouth, New-Hampshire.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

A VISION OF SCENES IN AN UNKNOWN WORLD.

‘Das arme Herz hienieden
 Von manchem Sturm bewegt,
 Erlangt den wahren Frieden
 Nur wo es nicht mehr schlägt.’

V. SALLIS.

FAREWELL!

I REMEMBER one evening, the last I passed on the globe below. The lingering rays of the setting sun glittered through the leaves of the majestic oaks which surrounded my dwelling-place. The lake at the foot of the hill was calm, and its waters reflected the pure azure of the sky. The sounds of the evening-bell from the church of the neighboring village called the laborers to rest from the fatigues of the day. The nightingale began to sing her melodious lays in the thicket; her plaintive voice resounded in melancholy notes; she seemed to regret the end of a beautiful day, and to mourn over the dying light; but all nature was delighted in the breathing of rest, and an air of solemn serenity seemed to ascend from those fields of labor and sorrow to the unbounded dome of the sky, as if to present an image of that ‘eternal rest’ which the world shall yet enjoy.

Alas! rest below is but an illusion. The day-god, which seems to have gone for ever, rises always again. Mortals salute him in the hope that he may bring them new sources of happiness, but they find only new labors and new sorrows.

It was on that evening I remember to have seen around me those whom I loved, looking at me with a strange, sorrowful air. I saw my mother, my sister, weeping at my side, and watching the least motion of my eyes. I heard the voice of one of my friends pronouncing the most consoling verses of the glorious Gospel. I recollect the words, ‘DEATH!’ ‘VICTORY!’ but that was all.

I gazed at the picture which lay before me, and which they call so beautiful. I heard a mysterious voice saying that I should never see it again; but it seemed to me as if this voice, instead of awaking regrets, opened a spring of happiness in my soul which I had never known before. A peace which the language of Heaven alone can describe, entered into my heart, and seemed to absorb all my emotions. All my life until then appeared to me like a long absence from my native land, the shores of which I thought I saw in the distance, glittering now and then with an unknown splendor. The zephyrs murmuring in the leaves seemed to whisper in my ear the delightful word, ‘HOME! HOME!’ I felt as if every sigh which escaped from my breast was a breeze in the sails of the boat which led me toward the shore. Now and then my ears were attracted by the sounds of a distant harmony, upon which my heart began to thrill, as it often thrilled in hearing, in the assemblies of the saints, psalms and hymns arise to the throne of

the ETERNAL ; but these voices were more clear, more melodious than I ever heard come from a mortal. I closed my eyes, so that none of these delightful sounds might escape me. They came nearer and nearer. . . . My whole being was absorbed in emotion. At last, I could distinguish the words : ' Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto HIM that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB, for ever and ever ! '

Suddenly the voices ceased to sing. Sun, moon, and stars seemed to roll away into an abyss, and I saw the whole ocean of space filled with a light so clear and so penetrating, that even the shadows of things disappeared ; but, away at an incommensurable distance, I perceived four letters shining yet more than that ethereal light. These letters were of the language in which the law of Sinai was written. I read them, and I knew that they corresponded to the great word in my own language — JEHOVAH !

But as soon as I had unraveled this WORD, an immense CROSS appeared between the word and myself, and on the cross was written, in characters which had not less splendor than the first—EUANGELION.

Now, in an instant, all was over. The sun, the moon, the stars had returned to their proper places. I opened my eyes, and saw once more the faces of my beloved on earth. Their looks were yet fixed upon my features, which must have reflected the feelings of happiness produced in my heart by the scenes which I had witnessed. A glimpse of celestial joy shone even through their tears ; their hands were clasping mine. The right arm of my mother surrounded my head, which reposed on her heart. Little children were kneeling and looking at me with amazement. I heard my friend say to them : ' Behold, so dies the Christian ! ' The last beam of the sun fell upon my face. Now I felt as if some one touched my shoulder, and said to me, with a kind and friendly voice, ' COME ! '

Suddenly an inexplicable shivering began to rise from my feet, and to ascend higher and higher. The world with its objects began to swim in confusion before my eyes. I hastened to clasp the hands of all I loved. I opened my lips and whispered, ' Farewell ! — we shall meet again. . . . Farewell ! Farewell ! '

Once more my eyes fell upon my mother, who kissed the last farewell from my lips.

II.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

THE world had disappeared, and with it the body I used to inhabit on earth. I did not understand how I existed, but I felt that I existed yet. At first I found myself led by a mysterious hand. A night darker than I ever before had imagined surrounded me ; but I did not fear. A peaceful assurance that, although in darkness, I was at home, made me advance and follow my invisible guide.

I do not know how long we walked together. The idea of time had disappeared from my memory. I had an idea of it only in thinking of the past. Distance also seemed to have lost its effect. I recollect that

always I went on, without feeling any fatigue. My whole soul seemed to enjoy the happiness of a fearless hope. Although I did not distinctly know where I was, neither where I was going to, I felt that the LORD my God was there, and that 'His rod and His staff comforted me.' At last, I heard again the same voice I had heard before, saying: 'Here tarry until another is sent to open the gates of Paradise for thee!'

'Who art thou?' asked I, astonished to hear my own voice resound without perceiving myself; 'art thou one of those who walked before me on the earth, or a benevolent spirit sent by the LORD?'

'I am the angel of DEATH,' answered the voice, 'and I was sent to lead thee through the shadows of the dark valley.'

'But,' continued I, 'why is this thy valley so peaceful? I have believed that here I should feel dread, terror, and fear; yet, in spite of all this darkness, a feeling of heavenly delight thrills within me.'

'This delight, my brother, is but the foretaste of others thou wilt soon enjoy.'

'But it seems almost impossible to be happier than I am now. How can I enjoy more, when already I am overwhelmed with felicity?'

'My brother, thou hast not yet an idea of the enjoyments which are prepared for thee. In these regions of eternal peace, happiness increases always. That which thou feelest now is but a humble source of that stream which shall conduct thee to the limitless ocean.'

'One thing I desire to know: shall I see all whom I have loved on the earth, and who are gone before me to the better land?'

'It is not allowed to me, my brother, to reveal thy future. I can say but this: thou wilt go from surprise to surprise, and be astonished how, for a little moment of sorrow and pain, as thy life will appear to thee, thou art rewarded with such an overflowing abundance of happiness. But now, farewell! I must return to earth; I am commissioned to call one of thy brethren below.'

All was silent again, but the feeling of peace seemed to increase more and more.

III.

THE PAST.

I WAS left alone. Suddenly, in the far West, a feeble stream of light, like that of the rising or of the breaking day appeared, and revealed a part of the earth, which I recognized to be that where I had passed my early youth. I saw the majestic Alps, in their imposing beauty, the lakes and rivers of my former country, the city in which I was born, the house in which I lived. I saw my mother sitting upon my bench beneath a tree before the house, looking with delight and tenderness at a little infant playing in the grass; but I soon perceived that the child was growing and growing, and entered into boyhood; and, O wonder! I recognized myself, as I had once been. I then saw my mother placing a large book in my hands. It was the BIBLE. An old man with gray hair and venerable expression came to me and, lifting now and then his hand toward the sky, he explained to me the mystery of my existence, and of my destiny. He spoke to me, with a

celestial inspiration, of the glorious SAVIOUR, and His unbounded love for my soul. I saw tears of joy falling from my eyes.

But soon the scene changed. I recognized myself in the society of young men, gaming, and employing language which can only come from the mouths of the wicked and the corrupt. I had forgotten or hushed the voice which the reading of the holy Scriptures and the instructions of the old servant of God had implanted in my heart. I saw myself falling still deeper, and meditating crime with my companions, or reading in secret, instead of the BIBLE, books which the spirit of corruption and wickedness had inspired. Now, at once, I saw my mother kneeling and praying — her eyes reddened with tears. I had disappeared from my home, and was wandering in distant lands, looking for an opportunity to pour forth the fountain of corruption which was swelling in my heart.

Again the scene changed. I saw myself walking in a beautiful garden : a young virgin of angelic beauty was at my side, and speaking to me with tenderness of virtue, purity, and celestial love. She had effected a complete change in my heart. I loved her, and my love was like the clear and deep waters which cover an impure ground. She became my guardian angel ; and, little by little, her influence swept away the crust of corruption which surrounded my heart. Her image began to shine like a leading-star on my horizon. Her love was my life. But soon my love increased to an adoration which belongs only to the ETERNAL. She became my religion — the object of my worship.

I saw but *her*, wheresoever I directed my eyes. All my ambition was to wander with her, hand in hand, through life. But men had placed her upon a high mountain, which I had to ascend before I could dream to be united to her for ever. She belonged to that society, to that class, which is called 'happy' below. I thought love all-powerful, and determined to raise myself to her sphere. I went back to my home and obtained the pardon of my parents. But the humble future they had prepared for me would not satisfy my ambition. ADELINE was the end of my hopes ; her love my standard, my device ; her possession my heaven.

Now the scenery of my native land disappeared, and the vast ocean took its place. A ship was struggling with the waves which the tempest had aroused, and I saw myself ascending the mast. I had chosen the adventurous life of a sailor. Its chances appeared to me the most likely to realize my hopes. Neither the cruel treatment of my superiors nor the fury of the tempest could frighten me or dampen my courage. ADELINE's cheerful smile shone in my memory like a sun, and inspired me with hope and joy in the greatest dangers. During three years I wandered from clime to clime. I suffered the greatest privations, but murmured not. The thought of *her* was my support in my sufferings.

The ocean disappeared. I saw myself now in a dark forest wandering, with looks of anguish and despair, holding in my hands a letter with a black seal, and a book. The book was her BIBLE, and the letter announced to me that she had departed for a better life.

The forest, the night, was not dark enough to harmonize with the darkness of my soul. I saw before me but a shroud ; I heard but the gloomy sounds of the knell ; I breathed but an odor of death ; a dark grave opened its mouth to swallow up my hopes and my felicity.

I opened the book. ADELINE had written on its first page the words :

‘ Farewell ! I shall see thee again. Read this blessed Book : it will console thee during my absence ! ’

I read it over ; but the society in which I had lived had destroyed the belief of my childhood. The oracles of the ETERNAL appeared like absurdities to my deluded reason. I considered faith a weakness of the mind, a defect of intelligence. More than that, I began to accuse PROVIDENCE of injustice and cruelty, and I determined to plunge myself into an abyss of vice, that I might forget or suffocate the torments of my heart. But soon the pleasures of this world had exhausted their power upon me. Their cup had but disgust of life and despair in its lees.

My body was worn out : darkness surrounded my soul. I believed death an annihilation of existence. Day and night the horrid crime of destroying myself was the subject of my thoughts ; but I had not the courage to commit it. A glimpse of that light which once extended its beams on the sky of my childhood was glittering now and then in my heart, and I was unable to convince myself that with this life all would be over. The image of ADELINE also appeared from time to time in my dreams, and *then* only I perceived the enormous distance I had fallen from her purity. Yet this feeling increased my despair. Many a time I endeavored to open the Book which she had left to me as an inheritance, but as soon as I took it in my hands it seemed as if a destroying fire went through my whole being, and I threw it away. However, these moments became still more frequent, and at last I opened it with a kind of rage. My eyes fell upon the words :

‘ Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound by affliction and iron, because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High, therefore He brought down their heart with labor : they fell down, and there was none to help. ’

Astonished, overwhelmed to find so true a picture of my own state, dreading to see my image still clearer in continuing, I had not the courage to read farther. I only remember the first result, the first impression which these words made upon me. I felt that I was convicted — that they came from the ETERNAL. Like a two-edged sword they pierced my heart.

And now the TRUTH appeared to me in its majesty : the supreme law which I had violated arose like a mountain, threatening to fall upon me. Words of malediction resounded in my ears. I cried for mercy, but I saw only the angry face of the JUDGE. I felt overwhelmed by the splendor of His majesty. I saw HIM surrounded by all the righteous who have lived since the creation of the world : they appeared like a countless crowd of witnesses of my iniquity. I saw SATAN himself in the distance, looking at me with a ferocious joy, and waiting

but for the sentence of the SUPREME JUDGE to throw himself upon his prey.

Now all was darkness again, but only for a moment. At the same place where I had seen the different scenes which represented my whole life until then, a light appeared, as brilliant as that which I had seen at my death; its rays were concentrated in a disc, in which I saw written the words:

'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!'

The words disappeared, and the light slowly vanished away.

I perceived again, in the twilight, the spot in my native land, but the scene had changed. I saw myself in a large assembly of attentive hearers, reading and explaining the word of God. Tears of joy were falling from my eyes in speaking of those oracles of heaven which had swept darkness from my soul, and brought forth a new light in my heart. When I had arrived to the last degree of despair, at the moment when I was on the point of being thrown into the abyss of eternal woe, the SON of GOD appeared, and unveiled to me the mystery of His divine love. HE appeased the tempest in my heart, and caused the sun of His salvation to shine within it. Ah! how happy I was to throw myself upon His protection, into these incomprehensible depths of grace, mercy, and love!

One ambition, one desire then only remained to me: to consecrate the rest of my life to the glory of my SAVIOUR, and to be an instrument in His hand to extend His reign. In a few years I obtained the necessary acquirements of science and experience, in order to be ordained as a minister of the Gospel. The world had no longer any attraction for me: my whole soul was filled with gratitude for the deliverance I had obtained. I was sent as a missionary to the mountains of my native land. Day and night I found occasion to glorify my MAKER in seeing the progress of His sanctifying influence in myself, and among those to whom I was called, to 'testify the Gospel of the grace of God,' and to announce the kingdom of heaven. God had established in me a monument of His love, and vouchsafed to crown my labor with success, and to prepare me for that life for which HE had predestined *me* also, before the foundation of the world.

Now the scene of my death appeared again. I saw my body placed in a black coffin, my mother and my sister kneeling and praying at its side. The LORD had taken me away from them when I was yet in my youth. I heard the prayer of my mother. It was not for *me*, because she knew that all my wants had been provided for, and she gave thanks to the ALMIGHTY that HE had given her a son, the remembrance of whose last moments would be to her a subject of joy and gratitude during the remainder of her life.

IV.

THE GRAVE.

THEN I saw a great crowd surrounding the place in which I had lived. Once more my mother pressed her lips upon the pale brow which had inclosed my mind. The coffin was covered with a black

shroud, and they adorned it with garlands of white flowers; and then several young men, whom I recognized to be my friends, took it up. The church-bell began to toll with a solemn, solemn sound.

A long procession followed the coffin toward the grave-yard. When they had arrived there, my friends deposited my remains on the edge of a deep and dark grave, which was surrounded by the procession. Suddenly the voices of a choir of young children arose, I heard them sing that beautiful hymn which so often had consoled my heart, beginning with the words :

‘BLESSED are the heirs of Heaven,
The dead who die in the LORD.’

When the last sounds of the hymn had died away in the neighboring hills, I saw advancing toward me the old minister who had instructed me in the word of GOD. I heard him pronounce, with a solemn voice, the words of the SAVIOUR :

‘I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.’

His eyes were raised toward the sky: they glittered with a beam of that fire which comes from the light of grace. His features had that expression of mildness which the influence of the Gospel produces in the faces of those whom the SAVIOUR brings under his reign. Although yet on earth, he seemed to live in heaven. Words of peace flowed from his lips like a gentle stream through flowery meadows. The perfume of heavenly love was in the expression of his thoughts and feelings; and his hearers seemed to breathe with avidity this delightful atmosphere. Every one of them appeared to look at the grave before their eyes as a dwelling of peace and everlasting felicity. When my old friend had finished, the chorus rose again. The hymn,

‘The grave is deep and silent,’

was sung, and then my remains were slowly lowered into the grave: ‘Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!’

V.

THE ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE.

I FELT that the last link which had attached me to the earth was dissolved. All had become darkness again; but the solemn silence around me was soon interrupted by sounds which I thought I had heard before. At first I heard them confusedly, as coming from a great distance; but, little by little they approached; and at last I recognized the same melodies which I had heard at my death. They seemed, however, to have increased in sweetness and beauty. The nearer they came, the greater was the delight which overwhelmed my soul. Now, at once, the immense dome of darkness was illuminated by a stream of light. I perceived myself with an appearance like that I had on earth, yet I felt that my body was not of the same character.

An unutterable feeling of hope passed through my soul. I saw before me seven high columns, of a stone as brilliant as the diamond. They seemed to be at the entrance of a beautiful garden, from which

the sounds of those celestial harmonies came to my ear. I heard the words: '*Glory, glory to the Eternal, for ever and ever.*' I saw now two angels in white garments coming through the gates toward me. A serene smile illuminated their faces. They seized my hands and led me to the gate, which I was unable to approach by any effort of my own will. At the entrance of the garden I was suddenly bereft of the dark garment in which I had been buried, and the two angels covered me with a robe as white as snow, and another presented me with a branch of the palm-tree. From that moment I felt as if an ethereal fire had penetrated my whole existence, and purified me from every unclean particle which, until then, I was conscious of possessing. I began to breathe with freedom an atmosphere whose delightful sweetness animated my being. My heart was overpowered with happiness, and a hymn of gratitude arose from it, as from the vast dome of a temple. Yet my lips could pronounce but '*Glory! glory!*' and again, '*GLORY!*'

One of the angels then seized my left hand, and led me through the gates into the GARDEN. The language of the immortals alone is able to describe the magnificence of that dwelling of rest. Trees, flowers, and plants, which seemed to have stood since the time of their creation without ever having felt the destructive influence of autumnal winds, adorn it with an appearance of everlasting spring. Each trembling of those leaves, of those branches, seems to whisper into the ear, '*IMMORTALITY!*' I walked at first, or rather glided like a swallow, over a path covered with moss, through a forest in which dwells an everlasting twilight. The angel had left me at the gate, but, although alone, I felt the presence of the GREAT SPIRIT of the place. I heard no longer the sounds of celestial harmonies. A mysterious silence was around me, but this silence ever seemed to be the foretaste of unknown bliss.

And such it was. At once, while I was gazing upon a white flower, I felt a hand slightly touching my shoulder. I turned around and saw — ADELINE.

JOHN E. SCHAAD.

HUMAN WEAKNESSES.

I.

As men toil up the mountain side,
The weary day,
And from the top behold the sky,
Yet far away;
So holiest men, from youth to age,
Make pilgrimage.

II.

We may depart the valleys deep,
And high ascend,
But yet around us is the earth,
Until the end.
Ourselves, alas! we cannot raise
Above our days.

SIGMA.

T O U R S .

THIS battle, fought A. D. 732, between the Franks and the Saracens, was one of those memorable and decisive contests which have determined the fate of the world. As ZAMA made it Roman rather than Carthaginian, so TOURS made it Christian rather than Moslem.

Asia and Africa had been over-run; the victorious crescent was already waving beyond the Pyrenees, and but for one man, on the walls of Paris and London had been planted the infidel standard of the Prophet!

In this dreadful shock of two opposing religions, civilizations, and races, CHARLES, Duke of the Franks, surnamed MARTEL, that is, '*The Hammer*,' crushed the hordes of two continents, saved Christendom, and annihilated the power of the Mussulman in Europe. Monarchy overthrew despotism, the Teuton mastered the Oriental, the Bible conquered the Koran!

HELP! GOD, and MARY Mother, and save us from the Moor!
The bloody race of ISHMAEL, who scourge thy children sore:
Down the Pyrenaean mountains, from the Iberian strand,
Pour the unbelieving herd, the spoilers of the land:
On all the Gascon vineyards they fatten well, I trow,
And the ever-hated crescent is floating in Bordeaux.
Great CLOVIS in his coffin turned and grasped his iron crown,
When that Arab hand accursed tore the gay lilies down.

When first they crossed the mountains, and rushed on Aquitaine,
All glutted with the slaughter of the fertile fields of Spain,
The GOD of armies fought for Aquitaine's noble duke,
And drove before the 'Christian dog' the Arab, panic-shook;
Duke EUDES smote down ZAMA, and the glorious flower-de-luce
Waved o'er ten thousand Moslem dead on the ramparts of Toulouse.
But north, from Catalonia, swarmed a revengeful horde,
And never yet hath drank its fill ABD-AL-KHAM's bloody sword.

Thy arrowy flood, O Father Rhone! shoots purple to the main;
Crushed is the noble EUDES—GOD alone can count the slain!
For loaded wains, fire-blackened plains, thy waters greet, Dordogne;
And Moorish slave-marts echo with the Gallic maiden's groan:
No bell can toll for saintly soul in desolated Gaul,
But from the sacred belfry falls the hoarse muezzin's call.
Alas! that ever Islam's brood in the temples of the LORD
Should worship their false Prophet, with pagan rites abhorred!

This day, O LORD of Hosts, avenge thy slaughtered saints!
Guide thou the warrior's battle-axe, and strengthen him who faints:
Ride forth to victory, Duke CHARLES! In the nostrils of the LORD,
An odor meet, a savor sweet, is the smoke of heathen horde:
Touraine's broad plains are shaking 'neath the Saracenic foe,
The horsemen and the swordsmen, and those who draw the bow;
The cavalry of Yemen, whose barbs are strong and fleet,
Methinks 't were well if they could tell how much is fleetness meet.

The keen blades of Damascus, not now about to fall
On the thin Persian cuirass, but the plate-mail of the Gaul!
Light recks the huge two-handed sword the Norman wields in war,
The pigmy stroke on mighty oak of Syrian scimitar:

The archery of Hejez, with arrow on the string,
 The tribes of Lusitania, with spear and javelin:
 While over all an ensign foul, accurst in Christian war,
 Flaunt the green folds of Islam's flag, its crescent gleaming far.

CHARLES MARTEL, duke of all the Franks, whose mace in battle's shock
 Is as the fire and hammer to break the flinty rock;
 CHARLES MARTEL rides along our van, and reins his charger proud;
 Our ranks breathe out a feeble shout, for our hearts within are bowed:
 'Fear ye the Moor?' he scornful cries: 'Look on your smoking plains!
 Think on GOD's holy sepulchre, which Moslem hand profanes;
 Think on the Paynim dungeons, and then grasp sword and lance!
 St. Denys for the lilies — to the charge, for God and France!'

Up from the Gallic army, up from the walls of Tours,
 From curtain, rampart, ravelin, thick-covered in that hour,
 Burst a prolonged, revengeful yell that tore the hollow skies!
 And from afar, borne on the breeze, the teclir's* roar replies.
 Sweeping amain across the plain, like the deadly red simoon,
 Down bear our rushing squadrons while, as the crack of doom,
 The braying war-horns smite the air, and the very earth doth jar
 Beneath the dreadful closing-shock of *nations* met in war.

As the storm comes down the mountain in the highest Pyrenees,
 As Biscay's waves dash on the beach when the north-wind sweeps the seas.
 CHARLES MARTEL's mail-clad horsemen fell on the turbaned foe,
 And under and still under they tramp the Moslem low.
 The footmen of Hircynia an easy pathway gain;
 Deep dyed with red their heavy tread leads to the thickest slain:
 Where falls the Hun's war-hatchet there nothing can avail,
 Nor Persian rhomb, nor crescent shield, nor triple coat-of-mail.

Far front of his battalion, encompassed by the dead,
 On foot fights noble Eudes, his white plume stained with red;
 When the craven foe begs quarter, he thinks on Aquitain,
 And quicker yet for his base fret the Paynim bites the plain.
 ABD-AL-KHAM, leader of the foe, in unopposed career,
 Bears dripping sides where'er he rides, and scatters far and near;
 But when CHARLES MARTEL he espies, though of Moors the bravest man,
 He turns and flees with shaking knees, as if he feared his ban.

CHARLES MARTEL stirs his bloody spurs and, with the lightning's speed,
 Pursues where'er the craven leads, and smites him on the head:
 Through helmet and through breast-plate, through corselet to the greaves,
 Our glorious duke's dread hammer the fated Moslem cleaves.
 No longer now with doubtful tide the battle's current flows,
 But to the four winds of heaven fast fly our dusky foes;
 O'er surging ranks and snorting steeds, and slain, and shivered mail,
 Red gleams the banner of the cross and wanes the crescent pale!

Eling out, fling out a joyful note, ye trumpeters of Tours!
 For our God hath bared his red right-arm, and saved us from the Moors.
 In the courts of fair Grenada the maiden's cheek shall pale,
 And Araby the Happy thrill with Moslem mothers' wail;
 For He who rained crimsoning fire from off Constantia's towers,
 This day hath sent confusion to the Saracenic powers;
 Thrice five-score thousand Moslem-dead swell glorious CHARLES's fame:
 So mote it ever be, O God! with those who scorn Thy name!

* War-cry of the Saracens.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER SECOND.

'I wol don all my diligence,
As fer as souneeth into honestee,
To tellen you a tale, or two, or three.'

OLD POEM.

DAVID, one of our principal musicians, was an invaluable fellow, in his way. The admiration of all the ladies, and a jolly companion for most of the ruder sex, he was to mankind what the helianthus, which continually turns to the sun, is to the vegetable creation: always seeing the brightest side of the picture. Then, his music!

While reclining in a hut of twigs, one sultry night, all of a sudden, my chum began to punish his own ears, first giving one a severe slap, and then the other. To me, it was rather amusing to see a man cuffing himself, how much soever he deserved castigation. Soon, the cause was manifest.

'Those horrible mosquitoes!' he exclaimed; 'they are coming into this part of the country, and——'

Whack! went his hand again.

'What! mosquitoes?' I asked, in alarm. 'Listen!—it sounds like——. Now, how comical!'

What he had mistaken for the unwelcome song of the carnivorous insect, was the music of a knot of vocalists, in the distance. Thitherward we sallied, in order to quietly enjoy the festivities. The attraction was magnetic, indeed. David was the leader. On some foray or other, he had picked up a curiously-shaped instrument of the guitar genus, and he was then breaking it into the harness for future service. By unanimous consent, he had the full command of the club of irregular harmonists; and his music was of a nature to banish sleep, till on the eye-lids there lingered not a vagrant wink. Beneath the touch of such able fingers, gifted with a portion of the power of his great namesake, the harpist of ancient days, the malignant spirits were chased from every breast. The hearts of the listeners became cheerful and glad.

Under all circumstances, however blew the winds of fate, his devotion to the divine art knew no intermission. Not fickle nor evanescent was his passion, but it was as interminable as the pulsations of his arteries. On the long march of twenty-five or thirty miles a day, when the way-worn and weary soldiers halted temporarily by the roadside, his admirable skill could evolve soul-refreshing influences; and the minstrel's song of fire was able to rouse the blood of the most frigid nature to action. His popularity flowed from an abundance of good-humor, which could not fail to communicate itself to others. The band—idle dogs as ever you saw—seemed to expend the very last note of which they were capable, the moment that the command for the route-step gave them an excuse; then fraternizing with the wagon-drivers, they strove to forget that there was such a thing in existence as

a regimental band. But then we had David. Egad! I think I hear him play as he did at ————. A soft and witching prelude, dulcet as the sybil's voice, now dwells upon the vibrations of some euphonious chord; again sweeps freely the entire compass of the sonorous hollowed wood; then settling into a wild, impassioned strain, the war-song is echoed from a hundred throats. Shade of Apollo! how he led off the song! It spread from the head of the grenadier company to the extent of the column. Column it was no longer, for it had broken into many fragments; and the component parts had thrown themselves to rest upon the herbage, where charming little flowerets were profusely strewn. Did David begin alone! Hark! as the chorus swells, until, like spirit-voices, the startling reverberations are flung back from the distant cliffs.

'Nonsense!' said a voice in my ear, in palpable disgust. 'You seem possessed with that fellow of yours, and his execrable twanging. Echoes from the cliffs!—ha! ha! Let me correct it for you.' The old villain, a choleric major of the marine battalion, presumed upon my good-nature, and his superior rank and frosted pate, and thus he continued:

'This will do better: 'All the time, as they howled and roared, shrieks came back from the foot of the cliffs; for in that direction were poultry-yards whose precincts were invaded by such pillaging scamps as Pat Noon and his boon companions, of guard-house notoriety.'

'It's quite absurd!' was my scornful reply, 'and moreover, Sir, untrue. Untrue, Sir, that any body could prove it!'

'Ha!—draw! defend yourself!'

I was about to spring up, for the marine gentleman grew as red as a turkey-cock, and made unequivocal demonstrations with his huge cheese-knife. I caught myself falling from my chair. I had been dozing. It was all imagination, bringing up my old friend, whom I've not seen for years, and recalling the accusations of high crimes and misdemeanors against a select few of my corps, which, by the bye, the major seldom could prove. This is a digression by gas-light. Where did it break off? Aye, here it is. Now, to continue.

Well may we say, notwithstanding what certain libellers pretend, that such sounds were heard in that place for the first time. Far, far from human haunt or habitation visible to mountain-traveller, where the bright-green lace-like foliage grew untrimmed in its native wildness; and countless species of animated objects below, and gaily-plumed of the feathered tribes above, gave an air of romance to the broken, undulating scenery, were those songs the most lustily poured forth. That essential requisite of complete harmony, an intermingling of discord, was not wanting in the performance. Had it been less scientific, no murmurs would have risen from that bronzed auditory; for, happily for themselves, they were not hypercritics. Hardships are too numerous with soldiers, to let them despise merry-meetings of any kind.

An instance of irregularity can be adduced, affecting the moral character of our friend, which, from a desire that no part of the truth should be suppressed, is here recorded.

Orders had been promulgated against pillaging, and dire was the punishment prescribed for all infractions of the same. It was evening parade. The music ceased playing, as the companies marched from the ground to their respective barracks. Along trotted a fine young porker, in his unsophisticated innocence dreamless of harm. David, with the other musicians, was crossing the street — the regiment then lay in the city — when he seized the pig by its hind legs, while the air was rent with piteous squeals. On marched the culprit in his place, just as stiffly, and with as solemn mien past the guard at the gate, and into quarters, as if he had not committed a grievous military offence. Before the complaint had reached the proper authorities, David and his mess-mates had fleshed their maiden swords; and the forbidden swine's flesh put beyond all recognition. Well, what if he did? Wasn't it tender? The sergeant of the guard, who made the search, licked his lips, which amounted to a reply in the affirmative.

II.

Nor only was David the happy medium of scattering the fits of ill-humor which afflicted some of his churlish compatriots, and of restoring them, as drooping plants are refreshed by vernal showers; he was quite useful otherwise. There was an uncommon fascination in his music, as the sequel will show. Nature had evidently intended him for a bugler, and accordingly provided him with extra-safe lungs, and a proof throat; all of which was to us cause of deep gratitude.

Early one morning, a breathless scout rushed into camp, with the intelligence that several of our soldiers had been surprised while cattle-hunting, and literally cut into pieces. He had escaped into the bushes, and, after being an unwilling witness of almost incredible barbarities, had saved himself by flight. Immediately, a force of about four hundred men was dispatched in pursuit; and in our eagerness, expecting soon to return, we did not put on either canteen or haversack. After penetrating the country, about ten miles back of Vera Cruz, we reached a level part of the land, near the scene of the late massacre. Dense woods surrounded the plain, and about the centre was a hammock of thick growth. The troops were divided into two detachments, Col. W —, of Pennsylvania, commanding his portion, and our own colonel those who were members of his own regiment only; after which, the two detachments separated, to make conquest more certain.

A light company, under Capt. D —, was detailed to skirmish, and our little battalion advanced into the opening. First, the lines of a rude encampment were seen, and a little farther on, several horsemen cautiously patrolling. When we had reached rising ground, the enemy advanced a squadron of horse, who greeted our advent with discharges from their carbines and escopettes. Our mounted officers concluded that it would be but a matter of ordinary prudence to reduce their height by walking, as they were the most available marks. The colonel handed the reins of his steed to Noon, who, by some fatality, was always in the way of danger, and followed the glorious example of foot-exercise. Noon stood his ground like a man. Considering him to be stationed in the most exposed place for their especial diversion, the

rancheros testified their approbation of the supposed delicate compliment, by a sharp target-practice; making it necessary for Noon to assume divers ludicrous positions, in order to dodge the shots. A belief that said gentleman would only quit this world according to law, relieved our minds of all anxiety on his account; but for the protection of the horse he was withdrawn from the troublesome attentions which showered around him.

Emerging from the woods unexpectedly, Capt. D — saluted the gentlemen-farmers in so abrupt a manner, as to cause much commotion, and to make the feathers fly. Although a number of Mexicans kissed their mother earth, each instant added to their force, until we were completely encircled. Their bashfulness gave way to boldness, in view of such gratifying accessions; and then they yelled and shouted their loudest. The yells were not very terrifying, but the bullets induced more serious reflections. Falling back to the dense clump of trees which afforded good shelter, we effectively responded to their courtesies; and the light company persuading those who formed a line between it and the main body to retire, the whole force became concentrated. Then it was that my saddle-mule, alluded to in another paper, took leave of my friend G —, to whom it had been loaned, and faded into thin air. There we remained for about two hours, inwardly chuckling to think how silly our adversaries would appear when the other detachment should come up in the rear, and a delightful cross-fire should enliven the dance. They were tardy in coming to the rescue, to be sure; yet their gallant commander was a shrewd fellow, and, as we apologetically imagined, was awaiting night-fall to institute proceedings. As the rancheros unwisely attempted a closer embrace, they were admonished of the impropriety of such familiarity on short acquaintance; and so well was the rebuke administered, that nearly half-a-score became forthwith defunct. By-and-by, the gnawings of hunger, and intense burnings of thirst reminded us that if it is a fable that chameleons subsist on air, the possibility of our doing so was a still greater fable. We all felt like Spartan boys, with foxes preying upon our vitals.

‘Col. W — must be lying in yonder wood,’ said our commander, musingly; and he looked into the faces of his juniors for some confirmation of the opinion. The proposition was not debatable: so all were mum. Night was fast drawing on, and already the landscape began to fade. Unless our coadjutors would hasten to assist, there was the inconvenient alternative of starvation. Each instant, the probability of a single one of us living till the grasshopper should become a burden, lessened; and the expediency of making brief nuncupative last wills and testaments, was a matter of prayerful consideration. The truth was obvious: our friends had either lost their way in the forest, or missed us, and returned to camp. There was scarcely a glimmering of light; and the twinkling stars peeping out, winked at our calamities. One facetious corporal declared that he would sooner be whipped at the tail of a cart, than be in such a predicament; and I doubt not that a score, at least, would gladly have compromised the matter by being scourged with a cat-o’-nine-tails back to head-quarters.

'Where is David? — send him to me,' the colonel said, as he said something in a low tone to the officers near him.

'Aye!' responded the group, 'let him sound the rally.'

The desired individual speedily presented himself, trumpet in hand. That braying instrument, which seemed suicidally striving to crack its brazen throat, made, to our ears, the most charming melody. Again it sent forth its peals, until, as Spenser has it, in his '*Faërie Queene*,' book first, canto eighth:

'He lowdly brayd, with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes re-bellowed againe,'

and there seemed to be a distant response. We caught a fresh inspiration from its startling breath. Our friends would certainly hear it, and between us we should not leave a single enemy with a whole skin. Forming in strict military order, we awaited the bold 'Hurrah!' which should tell the onset. A horn sounded. Then another pause, to guess the uncertain signal. Trumpets spoke out from various directions. What could it mean? That was a moment of suspense. The firing had entirely ceased on both sides, and the trampling of horses and jingling of arms was annoyingly distinct. We silently advanced, in the form of a hollow square, in the supposed direction of the city; each man on the alert, as he peered into the obscurity, for attack or defence. The foe had withdrawn from the open fields; and, although there was a long black forest to pass, we were confident that the odds were in our favor, if attacked there. Mile after mile was wearily trodden, and still no foe. The truth was guessed to be, that David's furious blasts had frightened the wits out of the rancheros. Months afterward, when the circumstance had been forgotten in more absorbing topics, a prisoner-of-war, who had a hand in the business, told the story, verifying our guesses. Our unaccountable conduct, and apparent coolness, had perplexed them so much that we were finally regarded as decoy-ducks, while a large force of our army was lying in wait to surround and utterly destroy them. When our trumpet blew, their general cunningly slipped off with all his force, except the killed. Our informant was much chagrined, as, amid illy-suppressed merriment, the truth was told. But to conclude.

The other detachment had diverged so much from the proper line, owing to ignorance of the topography of that region, that, after threading the mazes of the woods in vain, they had sought home before sunset. We had a long march that cheerless night; and, to make matters still worse, our guide lost his way and took us a circuitous route. Many of the soldiers were dropping with exhaustion, and large sums were bid for a drop of water. Little Crummie, a drummer-boy, had importuned for a transfer to the ranks so much that his wish had been finally granted; and he had laid aside his noisy drum and shouldered a musket, and become at once a man at sixteen. He was a noble little fellow, and became quite a pet with me. On that night, his weighty arms and equipments were too much for him, and he desired to fall out to rest. That would be certain death. But one was allowed to have any rest, and that was a lifeless figure in our uniform, close to the path.

We did not slacken pace to look. Time was precious. Long after the noon of night, objects began to have a more familiar aspect, and great was the joy of all, when the rancho, with a fine well of water, was reached. When all had quaffed their fill — and it was cause for thankfulness that some did not burst, with the draughts they took — the idea that our musician had done more with his trumpet than all our arms and ammunition had accomplished, made much jollity. Human life is a compound of smiles and tears. The actors in that affair smiled until the tears started to find themselves heroes, and that a most desperate battle had been fought. But two of our men were wounded. They were looked upon as veterans, already; for the campaign had only commenced.

W. H. BROWNE.

L I T T L E M I N N I E .

BY F. C. CLEVELAND.

I've a merry little sister,
With a head of auburn curls,
And she's always laughing gaily,
Frolicking with other girls;
With her dark eye beaming brightly,
And her teeth as white as pearls.

Little MINNIE! sister MINNIE!
There can be no sweeter name;
She so full of mirth and pleasure,
Ever in some merry game.
Whether cloud or whether sun-shine,
Little MINNIE is the same.

List! I hear her tiny shouting,
In her wild and careless glee,
And her voice rings out so clearly,
Telling us she's glad and free.
Oh! that sorrow ne'er might find her!
Thus might MINNIE ever be.

And when night creeps o'er the landscape,
With my MINNIE on my knee,
She will ask me if I love her
Quite as much as she loves me;
And, to love her less, I tell her,
MINNIE, it can never be!

For we have no gentle mother,
Nor a father left, to love;
Brothers, sisters we had never,
We are left alone to rove:
Yet, though earthly friends have left us,
ONE we have who dwells above.

WESTERN AMUSEMENTS.

BY A TRAVELLER.

A COUNTRY BALL.

THE amusements of the fashionable circles of the large commercial cities on the sea-board have lately received no inconsiderable attention from magazinists; but we much doubt whether these same fascinating circles can present any features more attractive than the gayeties of the less refined and less wealthy classes of society in the far West. The denizen of the prairie is as much a devotee of pleasure as the accomplished city dandy. His resources of amusement are limitless and apparently inexhaustible. His wild and eventful life is blended and associated with parties of pleasure, shooting-parties, boat-races, foot-races, and every variety of races. He engages in the fox-chase with as much enthusiasm as a thorough-bred English country-gentleman. He has a passion for the wolf-hunt, when the whole 'power of the county' is summoned to drive or exterminate all those nefarious animals which infest the neighborhood. The western pioneer, as yet, has erected no splendid temples of dissipation. His civilization is not sufficiently advanced for so refined a luxury; but thirsty spirits are none the less amply provided for. In place of these tempting resorts, where fashionable dissipation elegantly riots on expensive liquors, we have the less fastidious and fashionable common 'groggery,' where gentility is laid aside; where fiery whiskey and adulterated brandy perish before the vigorous attacks of unfashionable drinkers; where the choice spirits, the young bloods of the forest and prairie, congregate for an unfashionable 'tear-down;' where decanters are smashed, eyes blackened, heads broken, and furniture demolished, with as much *éclat* as at the most aristocratic drinking-saloon in Christendom.

Humanity remains about the same, modify it as you may by the force of circumstance, of birth and education. The dashing young gentleman in homespun hunting-shirt and moccasins of untanned deer-skin has about the same aspirations as the genteel exquisite who exhibits his scented locks, his jewelled fingers, and sports a coat of unexceptionable material and faultless cut on the fashionable promenade of a large city. The one immoderately quaffs the fiery extract of corn, to arouse his spirit, and impart to him life, energy, and animation, and the other grows boisterous over costly wines. The one visits the opera, the concert-room, the social party, and the dance; the other goes to see the elephant on his travels, listens to the Ethiopian opera, and finally visits the country ball, where, without rhetorical flourish, or poetic license, he 'dances all night until broad day-light, and goes home with the gals in the morning.'

If dancing, as an amusement, has been abused by its excess in eastern cities, it is no less so in the west. The love of dancing has become a stronger passion in the secluded wilderness than in the crowded city.

It is not a usual thing, however, in these remote regions, for any person to give a social ball for the mere purpose of collecting around him his friends and administering to their social amusement. The emigrant in his new home has yet too many objects to attain, to throw away hundreds of dollars for the enjoyment of society. Western hospitality has not yet been extended so far. Beside, in a land where equality is the paramount law, the basis on which its infant and half-developed society is based, the sociable gentleman inclined to give a ball must invite the whole world. Should such an one presume to issue special invitations to his fashionable friends—the *élite* of the land; to ticket Mr. A — and refuse Mr. B —; to invite the merchant and refuse the shoe-maker; he would be voted an aristocrat of the first magnitude. He would run the risk of exciting the indignation of all his neighbors, and of having his house pulled about his ears. But if the outsiders would conclude to pocket the insult, the consequence would be still worse. In all probability the select circle, in the very height of their enjoyment, would be invaded by a rush of unsolicited guests who had neglected to put on wedding-garments; and to expel them, as was done in days of yore, would be found to be wholly impracticable. Private or select parties do not flourish in the west. The million have placed their unwashed feet on the neck of the upper tens, and crushed them to insignificance.

The landlord who throws open his doors to the masses, does it more on account of the profits accruing from the sale of tickets, than from a desire to secure the benefits of good society. On such occasions the world is invited. Every one is welcome, without any reference to his fashionable standing; and even downright immorality is sometimes winked at, provided always that the guest advance the price of admission. The rush is consequently tremendous. Young gentlemen in rough boots and Mackinaw blankets, young ladies in plaid shawls and thick slippers, congregate together and display an animation inseparable from western character. Nor is the excitement of the occasion confined to youth. Staid matrons and grave gentlemen, long since in the decline of life, manifest as much enthusiasm and display as much activity as the youngest. It is the great event of western life, when every variety of society freely commingles together, when old animosities are forgotten, when neighborhood quarrels are buried, and reconciliations are effected. The western ball is your true leveller. Aristocratic distinctions assume form in the earliest stages of society. On the wildest border, in the rudest neighborhood, aristocratic lines are traced out. Enterprising merchants and successful speculators look but coldly on the laborer and the artisan. And the professional man, surrounded by his books, in turn arrogates a haughty superiority over the man of calico and notions, and affects a cynical sneer at a respectability based on sections and quarter sections of wild prairie, to which even the shrewdest land-jobber is unable to 'read his title clear.' The country ball is the enemy of all this vanity and pretension. Let the scented exquisite assume an aristocratic bearing, and he will stand a fair chance to receive a democratic drubbing, which will teach him due respect for the rights of the sovereigns. Aspiring mothers may spend months in impressing their

daughters with ambitious notions and the importance of advantageous matrimonial connections; but as soon as the ball is announced, every impression made by the careful lesson is eradicated, the aristocratic line so cautiously drawn is erased, and the blooming heiress who counts her expectations by extensive tracts of uncultivated wilderness is led on to the floor by her father's 'hired help,' to the confusion and wrath of her prudent and calculating mother.

It is not a great while since we were honored by receiving a ticket to attend a cotillion-party at the 'Eagle-House,' somewhere in the wilderness high up on the Mississippi river, where true patriots were invited to dance in commemoration of the birth of WASHINGTON. I said I was honored by this mark of favor and distinction. It must not, however, be understood that the preferment was exclusive; on the contrary, the same honor was conferred on every man and boy 'in all the region round about.' I never received a more flattering or ostentatious reception than on my appearance in the ball-room, which, by the way, was the ordinary dining-hall of the 'Eagle,' and was a long, comfortless, desolate room, destitute of taste or ornament, and without any furniture, excepting some rough benches for the temporary accommodation of the guests.

Gen. Swell, mine host of the 'Eagle,' was an accomplished and fascinating gentleman, who said he had seen better days. On what field he had won his military honors, which he continued to wear so gracefully, history has made no record, and even tradition was silent. But it is clear that the General was not sporting unbought honors, or reflecting borrowed radiance. No man could have displayed the fastidious taste in dress and refinement in manners which characterized General Swell, without having moved all his life in the higher circles. The General was tall and remarkably erect. It was a habit he had acquired in early life, in the military service, and which still adhered to him in peaceful pursuits. In fact, Gen. Swell was a 'born Virginia gentleman,' representing all the graces of that distinguished school. About this there can be no dispute, for we heard him modestly acknowledge this much himself, when hard-pressed on the subject of his nativity. Considering the General's high military rank, and the refining influence of elevated society, in which he moved in his early years, he certainly would be excused in a little harmless vanity and ostentatious display of fine colloquial powers, even in the humble obscurity of his false position, which he filled with so much graceful good-nature.

It was not therefore wonderful that when introduced to the company by a gentleman of the lofty bearing of the landlord of the 'Eagle,' and introduced, too, by the distinguished title of Major —, engaged on a tour of observation in the West, I was immensely flattered. In fact I considered that I had made a most happy hit in coming to the ball; that I had even created a sensation — until I discovered that every body else was introduced with the same magniloquent flourishes and ostentatious display. It was a way the General had; more to show off his own accomplishments than to make a favorable impression as to the person introduced. I was vain enough to suppose that a person wearing the title of 'major,' and 'engaged on a tour of observation,'

would receive marked attention from the assembled guests ; but I had forgotten that every person present perhaps was more of a tourist than I could claim to be, and as to military rank, majors and generals were as common as beggars in Ireland. Instead of the warm reception which I had reason to anticipate, I was greeted with a cold and critical stare. My presence evidently inspired no respect, nor made any impression, excepting on two or three village-merchants, who mistook me for a St. Louis 'dun,' on a 'collecting' tour of observation, who hitched nervously on their seats, and devoutly consigned me to the society of the devil and his angels. A knot of country beaux, most of whom stood six feet and upward in their stockings, coolly remarked upon my short stature and attenuated figure, and wondered 'if that little animal was actually a man, or one of the g'hals we read of' — a disciple of Mrs. Bloomer, arrayed in her reformed costume, and engaged on a mission of love and reform to her oppressed sisters west. I heard a rough fellow, who sported a remarkably red nose and large untrimmed whiskers of the same fiery hue, whisper to his neighbor that the little fellow was 'awfully stuck up ;' intimating at the same time that he 'did n't care to take him down a peg or two.' This was rather ominous, as the fellow had the reputation of being the 'hardest case about town ;' but I flattered myself that the military rank so graciously conceded to me by the 'lord of the feast' might deter the ruffian, and save me from a thrashing.

At this instant, my attention was attracted to the door. An additional guest had just been announced by General Swell in a most sonorous voice, with a grand flourish of his white cambrie handkerchief, and a graceful waving of a gold-headed cane, which, by the way, was as much a part of his person as his nose. The name of the guest was received with universal and admiring applause. I was anxious to see the hero who had created so great a sensation, and was no little surprised to witness the General, with the everlasting gold cane in his hand, graciously leading a swarthy, sun-burnt, snub-nosed youth in a crownless hat, Mackinaw blanket, grievously soiled and weather-stained, and sadly out at the elbows. But the enthusiasm of the guests was readily accounted for, from the fact that the urchin carried with him a violin, whose tones were to animate and inspire the joyous and pleasure-seeking dancers the live-long night. He was the sole musician of the occasion ; and the sensible youth had concluded to delay his advent until his presence should become so desirable as to be the occasion of a demonstration. In fact, the audience had become impatient long before his appearance. My thirsty friend in the flaming nose and whiskers had already proposed an adjournment to a neighboring grocery. Another gentleman, who set up for a wit, jocularly moved to call it half-a-day, and go a-fishing. Considering the prevailing feeling, our young friend would have been welcome, if in addition to his other qualifications, he had exhibited the demoniac cloven foot and impregnated the room with the fumes of the nether brimstone kingdom.

There was now no longer any necessity for delay. The tallow candles with which the room was so brilliantly illuminated were more than half burnt out. Young gentlemen threw aside their Mackinaws,

and exhibited their homespun ; young ladies disrobed themselves of their comfortable blanket-shawls, and exhibited their graceful persons, decorated in 'span-new' dresses of the most variegated and tasteful colors. Our snub-nosed violinist gave a sonorous blast on his proboscis, and mounted a little platform constructed of loose boards, where he no doubt fancied himself a full orchestra. Seated on his 'throne of privilege,' he cast a look of pride on his audience. He drew his bow with the skill of a master: his violin emitted a shrill twang, as though it screamed in agony. This was the signal for young gentlemen to select their partners. The selection was made, and all conflicting claims settled in the most speedy and satisfactory manner. Each lady instinctively extended her hand to the first gentleman who solicited the honor of dancing with her, and instantly bounded on to the floor with infinite grace and activity.

There was present a retiring and beautiful young lady of sixteen, neatly and tastefully dressed in pink, whom I had mentally selected for my partner in the first cotillon ; and no sooner had our interesting young friend in the damaged Mackinaw given the signal on his musical instrument, than I advanced one step toward the aforesaid beautiful little damsel, with the intention of soliciting her hand in the cotillon forming. My intentions, however, had been divined by my evil genius, he of the scarlet nose, who had threatened taking me down a peg or two, and the ruffian resolved to frustrate my intentions. The scamp actually had the audacity to lead away the blushing beauty to join the dancers ; in the mean time directing a look toward me full of triumphant malignity and threatening insolence.

I felt grieved and insulted ; but to fight the fellow, who had won an extensive celebrity at fisticuffs, was an honor which I considered that even a major should prudently decline. Better endure the sneers of the ruffian than his blows, I thought, as I prudently retired in an obscure corner, out of the view of my wrathful and sturdy rival.

The dance has now commenced. The fiddler at last has succeeded in getting his crazy instrument in tune, and its shrill and animating tones are heard through the hall, admonishing the joyous assemblage to make the best of the moments as they fly. Nor was the warning in vain. Every one was in dancing mood, and every one who had any possible chance was engaged in it. I heartily sympathized with quite a number of matronly ladies, laudably but rather guiltlessly laboring to quiet their children to sleep before participating in the amusements of the evening. Had these ladies been fashionable, they would have judiciously committed these refractory and wide-awake responsibilities to the tender mercies of Irish servant-girls and opiates, in which case their enjoyment would have been complete and interrupted ; but on the contrary, being plain, unsophisticated, unfashionable country people, uninstructed in the ways of the world, they very naturally concluded that their maternal duties required their attention before even the most absorbing amusement ; for which old-fashioned and long-exploded tastes on the part of their parents, these same obstreperous little urchins, now screaming in unison with the violin, should piously thank their stars.

But despite the passionate cries of wakeful babies broken of their

rest, the impatient and rather threatening admonitions of their mothers, in their endeavors to hush them to sleep, and the occasional chant of a soothing nursery-song, the dance was progressing gloriously. If there was less of grace and cultivated science in the performers than is found in the refined and fashionable circle, there was more of activity and enjoyment. The very building shakes from the energy of the performers; the very rafters tremble. General Swell wears a bland smile as he wipes the perspiration from his brow, and flourishes his fashionable cane. But why is not mine fashionable host of the 'Eagle' among the dancers? The truth must be told: the General is waxing old, and although his old age is amiable, graceful, and remarkably green, it has notwithstanding played the very deuce with his activity. In conjunction with the rheumatism, it has destroyed all the buoyancy and elasticity of his steps.

As I stood contemplating the dance, and particularly the movements of the little damsel in the pink dress, as she threaded the mazes of the cotillion with infinite grace and activity, how I longed to exterminate the vulgar ruffian who had presumed to be her partner! The wretch appeared to be in his element. He enjoyed himself hugely, no doubt, as he went the figure with the rush of a whirlwind, and without any very particular regard to time or tune. While thus absorbed, I received a severe wrench on the arm, and turning quickly round, my eyes encountered those of a tall man, a perfect giant, in whose eyes I must have appeared as a grasshopper.

'Stranger,' said the giant, 'I am Dr. Brasse; and as you appear to be a stranger in these here parts, I will let you profit by my experience. Bad state of society in these parts! I have travelled, Sir; but never have witnessed a place like this, where every man is a scoundrel, and every woman of doubtful pretensions to character; but, do you see? I can take you through this Sodom as harmless as Daniel passed through the lion's den.'

To so much kindness and proffered service, I could only coldly bow my thanks. To tell the truth, I had heard of Dr. Brasse before. He had won a notoriety which was any thing but enviable. If he denounced a whole community as a banded company of villains, they unanimously gave him the same character. The ferryman who rowed me over the river, incidentally mentioned the Doctor as the 'greatest scoundrel out of jail.' He cautioned me against his advances, and shrewdly informed me that he would bear watching. As I contemplated the vulgar assurance of this hopeful vender of pills and potions, and watched the reckless, dare-devil expression of his roving gray eye, I concluded that the ferryman was right. Such a fellow would bear watching, in any country.

The Doctor, in his personal appearance, was a compound of the savage, the dandy, and the Methodist parson. It would have been in perfect character for such a person to have brandished a tomahawk for the amusement of the company, or startle them by the scalp-halloo. Blended with his savage qualities, his ambition to ape the man of fashion was strikingly apparent. His rough-and-ready hat was stuck jauntily on his left ear. His thick cow-skin boots glistened with a

superabundant application of bear's oil. His Mackinaw blanket was tidily brushed and neatly patched where it had given way. A scarlet cravat, which would have rejoiced the ghost of Black Hawk, flamed around his neck. A bottle of anointing cologne had been poured on his slick black locks, emitting a sweet-smelling perfume, which contended in a vain struggle for supremacy with the fumes of the bear-oil on his jack-boots. The parson was as apparent in the appearance of the Doctor, as either the savage or the dandy; and was withal entirely involuntary. The truth is, that years before, the Doctor had taken a fancy, a very absurd one, to be sure, that he had a call to preach the Gospel. He took the initiatory steps; procured a license to exhort, and in thunder-tones called upon backwoods sinners to repent; threatening them not only with the terrors of the law, but with the terrors of his bony knuckles. But the sinners would n't repent; and the Rev. Mr. Brasse, having bawled himself hoarse and contracted an inveterate bronchitis, in an incredibly short space of time, he returned his license, and studied medicine to cure his clerical disease; and by the force of his genius, he mastered all the principles of his new profession in a very few weeks.

I tried to shuffle away the tall doctor, but my coldness only inspired his ardor. He was not to be repulsed. I insulted him, as a last resort; but he was used to it, and it only inspired him with a fresh desire to cultivate my acquaintance. He was as tenacious, and adhered to a casual stranger as close as the little man in the Arabian tale.

'I say, stranger,' resumed the persevering bore, 'I am Solon Brasse, practitioner of medicine. I don't know what your business is, but I will talk to you any how;' and the Doctor, extending the longest arm I ever saw, patronizingly looked down upon me with a condescending grin, full of ill-breeding and vulgar assurance. 'I say,' continued Doctor Solon Brasse, 'you are entirely too squeamish. I have travelled. I have been all over Mexico and California. I have stood on the Pacific shore, and looked right over into the Sandwich Islands; had I been an inch or two taller,' and the giant drew himself up proudly, 'I would have got a peep at the Asiatics; and now let me tell you, on the word of a travelled gentleman, that if you expect to succeed on these here prairies you must not only be a fellow, but a hell of a fellow.'

I wanted to watch the movements of the dancers, and would have escaped my tormentor had it been possible; but the bony ruffian was armed with a pair of fists less dangerous only than the drugs which he carried in his pill-bags; and he had the reputation of using them on all persons who tried to shun his loquacity. The consequence was that I submitted with the grace of a martyr, whilst the travelled doctor recounted the scenes which he had witnessed in the four hemispheres, which would have astonished Munchausen, the prince of story-tellers, and induced him to yield the palm to his rival. The Doctor was his own historian. His conversation was an unwritten epic, in which he figured as the boldest and most dashing of heroes. The hero had won the soubriquet of the Fighting Doctor; and, if half the strange adventures he related to me were true, he richly merited the appellation. He related to me strange and wonderful stories of his chivalrous and

gallant deeds on the island of Cuba and the Isthmus, and of his adventures with the dark-eyed Creole maidens of those sunny climes. How he had scaled the walls of some Castilian palace, no matter in what undiscovered country, intent on rescuing a fair and languishing maiden who appealed to him from a grated window; how he lost his way in dark, mysterious passages; how he was unable to discover the suffering girl who had implored his assistance; and how he did discover a fierce-looking old gentleman, with a drawn rapier in his hand, who was no other, as he supposed, than the 'lord of the castle,' who had mistaken him for a robber; not a very unnatural mistake, by the way. He had a bloody rencounter with the supposed lord, in which he was of course triumphant, beating him and some dozen of his armed retainers until they roared for quarter.

I had despaired of deliverance, when I was released from so much romance by a fortuitous and most happy circumstance. A crusty old Dutchman in butter-nut coat and trowsers, armed with a heavy hickory cane, elbowed his way through the crowd until he confronted the gallant and chivalrous Doctor, not however with the hickory cane, but with a small, square, neatly-folded, and business-looking paper, on which was indorsed the mysterious abbreviations, '*fe, fa,*' upon the discovery of which the brave man retired, with no inconsiderable trepidation, to a neighboring drinking-saloon, 'and I saw him no more.'

During the infliction of this severe penance I had occasionally stolen a sly glance at the little beauty in the pink dress, who was the great attraction, the reigning belle of the evening. Bright, sunny, and joyous, she moved through the various figures of the dance with a graceful freedom and elegance unknown to the conventional circles of fashionable life. Her first partner, the gentleman of the fiery nose and bushy whiskers, had long since exhausted himself by his outlandish capers. He had become thirsty, too. His nose had already assumed a less fiery hue. He searched in vain for the well-filled pint-bottle, which was his inseparable travelling companion, which, by the way, some good-natured friend, more thirsty than himself, in an unguarded moment had snatched away from him. Inconsolable on account of his loss, he followed the foot-steps of his illustrious predecessor, and sought to arouse his flagging energies by copious draughts of fiery whiskey in the same hospitable saloon which had sheltered the retreating foot-steps of the pugnacious Doctor.

I again made an unsuccessful attempt to dance with the young lady whose hand the thirsty ruffian had just relinquished; but my intentions were again anticipated and thwarted by a sprightly young beau in a gray Mackinaw blanket, whose very intelligent features were compressed into the smallest possible compass, and who led the unreluctant and coquettish-looking lady blushing to the floor.

It was now approaching the small hours; but as yet there was no thought of retiring, no symptoms of drowsiness, no indications of weariness, and no flagging of the interest in the animating scene. The work of amusement, commenced with such a hearty good-will and invincible determination to be pleased, was not yet half accomplished. Staid matrons, who had but just hushed their rebellious infants to sleep,

had divested themselves of supernumerary shawls and cloaks, out of which temporary couches were made on which the sleeping innocents reposed. These matrons were now introduced as new recruits into the ranks. They had no difficulty in procuring partners. Distant and diffident young men, who had stood aloof during the earlier performances of the evening, were now pressed into the service, and rushed through the figure with a velocity that made their heads swim.

I stood forlornly contemplating the agile and graceful figure of the young lady with whom I had so repeatedly attempted to unite in the dance, wondering what paragon of dancing-masters had instructed her in the divine art; whether she had ever been laced into propriety by the strict rules of boarding-school life, or had always breathed the bracing air which fanned the wild prairie; whether she had roamed with a step as wild, as free, and graceful as the sportive fawn, which with untamed feet scours over forest, brake, and plain; was she an exotic of hot-house growth, produced in more genial climes, or was she a native bud, germinated on a wild prairie soil? My soliloquy was interrupted by a rough push of my elbow, at which I shuddered, for I fancied the return of the adventurous Doctor, and that I was to pass through a new ordeal at his hands.

I was, however, happily disappointed. The intruder was a fair lady on the sunny side of thirty, who had finally deposited her little responsibility, whose buoyant spirits and irrepressible curiosity had long been proof against the soporific contents of a small vial which had been for the last hour or two duly and liberally administered to him. The little fellow, now snugly swaddled, slept soundly, and the kind-hearted mother, commiserating the forlorn condition of the young stranger, invited him to dance with her. With the kindest motive in the world she rushed me into a long file of gentlemen, preparatory to making a grand 'splurge' in that most primitive of all dances known as the 'Scottish reel,' or Virginia 'hoe-down.' The signal was given, the music struck up with an unction that was truly edifying, and I was whisked down the avenue of living persons with inconceivable velocity. If there was not grace, there was activity. If there was an entire absence of imposing grandeur, there was an abundance of hilarity and animation which fully compensated for the lack of staid dignity. In the performance of cotillions the difficulty of the figure had constrained the merriment and enjoyment of the rustic performers. Fashionable young ladies had complained that the sets got badly 'tangled up.' One or two feminine shrieks had been heard during the course of the evening, indicative of severe bodily pain resulting from the unguarded steps of gentlemen in heavy boots.

Now, in the primitive dance, which every one understood, all constraint was removed, and all was 'merry as a marriage-bell.' The fiddler doffed his soiled garment, and increased the movement of his bow to a rapidity wonderful to behold. His crazy instrument shrieked under its fresh and accumulating torture. If the house had previously trembled under the display of Western energy, it was now swayed like a ship in a tempest. General Swell assumed a more interesting and commanding attitude. His smile was more genial and heart-felt, and

his golden-headed cane — the insignia of his rank, the sceptre of his power — was flourished with increased and inimitable grace.

I was the only participator in this scene who did not enjoy it. My tardy limbs had never been disciplined into such flying velocity. My partner was a drill-sergeant in the Virginia 'hoe-down,' and moved as if impelled by magnetism, and I was unfortunately compelled to follow. I had not run the gauntlet more than half an hour until I was effectually broken down. The perspiration poured from my face in torrents. My head became dizzy; the room, the table, and the benches were all blended together in the most unaccountable confusion, and appeared to be going the 'hoe-down' in unison with the movements of the dancers. I became blind. I staggered, I fell. The long line of dancers then in motion had received too much impetus to call a halt on account of the misfortunes of a fellow-dancer. On they came, with the tread of an earthquake and the speed of lightning. A moment more, and a heavy crash, a playful scream blended with laughter, and I am buried under the whole weight of the living column.

I was disinterred in a moment, amid the wildest shouts of laughter. I was led, confused and blind, to a seat; my temples were chafed by the officious host, whose bland smile was relaxed into a dignified laugh as he swore by his gold-headed cane that it was the best joke that had been perpetrated since he revelled in his ancestral halls in Old Virginia.

There was one, however, who was far from enjoying this untoward incident. My partner was grossly insulted; her eye flamed with indignation. She had been insulted by the desertion of her partner, and she had spirit enough to resent the insult. Mortified, and grievously out of temper, she took her seat. At this juncture of affairs, to increase her irritation, her little son became restive and shrieked in his sleep. In his dreams he had been visited by the ghost of the laudanum which had induced his repose. The mother, out of humor, and rendered more impatient by his screams, administered to him a severe chastisement, at the same time casting a look upon me which appeared to threaten me with the same summary punishment.

The rough treatment of the infant, although administered in the heat of passion, and wholly unmerited, was eminently beneficial. It dissipated the frightful opium-delusion which visited him in his slumbers, and restored his reason and common-sense. The little fellow was satisfied that no one would take such rough liberties with his person excepting his fond and doting mother, and now slumbered unconsciously in her arms.

The clock pointed to the hour of two, yet the audience entertained no thought of dispersing. Refreshments were brought in and eagerly dispatched; for the dancers had fasted long and were ravenous with hunger. The violin again summoned the dancers to their places. The inducement was strong to remain. The ball-room was well-heated and comfortable. It contrasted most favorably with the wintry blast which sighed mournfully through the naked branches of the surrounding shrubbery, and rustled through the creaking shutters.

But I had rendered myself ridiculous. I had destroyed the enjoyment, and turned to vinegar the sweet temper of the only lady who

had shown me kindness ; and it was certainly time for me to retire. As I passed on my way to my lodgings, my path led me close to the drinking-saloon, where were now congregated all the loafers who were without the means to pay for the amusement of the evening. I heard the sonorous voice of Doctor Brasse calling upon the bar-tender for more liquor, and threatening the commission of a most horrible deed if it was not furnished. I retired, restless and feverish, to dream of the queen of beauty whom my imagination had vested with romantic charms and supernatural mystery. Long after twilight the rattling of vehicles announced the breaking-up of the party. I rushed to the window and caught a last glimpse of the mysterious beauty, as she was whirled past in a heavy road-wagon.

S U N - S E T .

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

I SAUNTERED down the flowing river,
 One summer sun-set, cool and fair,
 To watch the shadows in the air
 And o'er the waving branches quiver.

II.

It was, indeed, a lovely even !
 And, lying on the banks of green,
 I watched the splendor of the scene,
 Tinged with the crimson glow of heaven.

III.

The woodland birds were cheerly singing
 Their evening songs ; the softest breeze
 Just stirred the branches of the trees,
 Sweet perfume from the wild-flowers bringing.

IV.

And, to his distant covert wending,
 Half-seen, far off, a stately deer
 Paused, where the waters rippled clear,
 To slake his thirst, as day was ending.

V.

With me there went a little maiden :
 Scarce ten short summers o'er her head
 (Ten years of toil to me!) had fled,
 And all, for her, with pleasure laden.

VI.

Ah me! she waited for the morrow
As one more joy to human life;
While I — I feared its care and strife,
And dared not from its pleasures borrow.

VII.

I only in the hour existed:
To me the past was as the dead:
She drew from all her pleasures fled,
And e'en her future joys enlisted.

VIII.

Sweet child! she gathered from all ages,
In MEMORY's store-house, all the sweet,
To cheer the present; as her feet
Tripped bare along the marshy sedges.

IX.

For all those blessings HEAVEN in giving,
Pours balm into our weary hours,
She grateful took; the thorns and flowers,
The sun-shine and the storms of living.

X.

And from the sun-shine, fairly painted
With HOPE's bright pencil, soft and warm,
She drew a rainbow on the storm:
So sorrow left her soul untainted.

XI.

Thus, in the music of her prattle
I pondered, in the sun-set mild;
And wished I were once more a child,
And life were peace, instead of battle.

XII.

Then running to me, and uplifting
Her lips to mine: 'Oh! why so sad?
I'm sure it always makes me glad,'
Said she, 'to see the sun-light shifting!'

XIII.

Quoth I, in accents of repining,
'The glory hastens to depart.'
'Ah no!' said she, 'for in my heart,
The sun is almost always shining.'

XIV.

Oh! that in all, the light which lingers
From sun-sets of our early years,
Might ne'er be clouded o'er with fears,
Or dimmed by CARE's corroding fingers!

W I L L I A M C O W P E R .

WE have all read the tender and affecting story of William Cowper, or, as he is sometimes called, the melancholy Cowper. The peculiarity of temper and disposition which distinguished this extraordinary man, the periodical flashes of light and darkness which made up the sum of his earthly existence, the vicissitudes of transparent thought and morbid feeling which incessantly pervaded the inner world of his mind, have furnished themes for much unprofitable and contradictory speculation, which even in our own times is scarcely brought to any thing like a peaceful termination. And yet it may be fairly doubted whether the peculiarities of his mental constitution are half so difficult of solution as has been all along imagined. Like most men of genius, his mind was not properly balanced, so that the faults as well as the perfections of his character — his virtues and his blemishes — his strength and his weakness — were owing in some measure to this cause alone. The prominent feature of his mind was an excessive sensibility, a susceptibility of receiving impressions from without, which made him anxious, vigilant, and fearful. But other men have participated largely in the same morbid diagnosis of character, only that they have been able to keep it more in restraint by certain counteracting forces. Byron, for instance, was subjected to as much deep feeling, to as many anxious and unhappy thoughts, as Cowper. But Byron's conscience was less tender, his means of defence more unscrupulously selected, his determination to resist more spitefully managed. While poor Cowper was led to fly from the world at the very outset of his troubles, Byron affected to hold it in contempt, and set it at defiance. While the one was despairingly crying to Heaven above for assistance, the other was more confidently looking for consolation to the earth beneath. While Cowper was seeking for comfort in the shades of rural privacy, Byron was endeavoring to drown his sorrows in the oblivion of intemperance. Nor ought we to suppose that the latter was much more happy than his brother poet, merely because he fought against his malady with the carnal weapons furnished to him by the world. Both of these unhappy men were driven by their fears and anxieties into states of mental disorder which it would have been well to manage differently; but the one seemed to be wiser in his generation than the other. Neither of them, however, was prudent in the pursuit of a proper remedy for his disease, only that Byron was more successful in the use of his nostrums than Cowper. The latter, indeed, did not so much mistake his remedy, as he failed to make a proper use of it. Had he possessed this ability, it would have been the very thing to restore him to his right mind. Religion — the religion of the Bible — would have calmed his fears, if it had not removed them. But it was the nature of his disease to disable him from applying this remedy in its full strength and purity, and not one of his spiritual attendants had wisdom or skill enough to perform the task for him. It was thus that Cowper was suffered to think and to reason himself into madness; a not uncommon case with

those who are willing to be led by men of coarser minds and less refined sensibility than themselves.

We have said that Byron was wiser in *his* generation than Cowper. Wiser he was, but not better; more prudent as a man of worldly tastes and prejudices, but greatly less fortunate in his apprehensions of spiritual wisdom. In saying this, we mean no disrespect to the noble poet. Both these remarkable men have passed to their account in the spiritual world, and there we leave them. It may be mentioned, however, as a fact of some note, that Byron's worldly prudence operated adversely to his temporal prosperity, while the more ethereal character of Cowper's mind was of some consequence, at least in sustaining, if not prolonging, the physical comforts he was providentially permitted to enjoy. The strength of one sunk under habits of repeated excess and disorder, while the weakness of the other was prevented from becoming greater by self-denial and temperance. Byron died before he had attained the age of forty, whereas Cowper did not depart this world until he was upward of seventy.

Such, then, were some of the general habits of temperament and character belonging to the melancholy bard of Olney. But they all received their complexion from one overwhelming and ruling infirmity, and that was *fear* — a deep-seated, constant, and unmanageable apprehension of danger and calamity. Not a few of Cowper's biographers have affected to deride the sufferings of his mind proceeding from this source; almost jesting at what they would seem to consider as his unpardonable weakness, upbraiding him for his want of firmness and courage, and presumptuously telling us what ought to have been his course under the depression of spirits he was called to experience. But they might with almost equal reason, ridicule a man for not walking firmly whose limbs are benumbed with fever, or rendered wholly unmanageable by a sudden attack of paralysis.

Let us consider his case, when the peculiar temper of his mind was about to be tested by being called into the service of the busy world around him. Before this time, he had lived in a world of his own, busied and satisfied with the gentle and kind images of his active imagination, and making these subservient to his innocent pleasures, however little they were calculated to promote his temporal prosperity. But now the refined and delicate world of his fancy was to be exchanged for the one of cold, selfish, and forbidding reality. What his imagination had before woven into fairy forms of beauty and pleasure, it was now equally active in moulding into figures that were ugly, painful, and alarming. All the constitutional fear of his mind was roused into the most acute quickness and vitality. He was called on to become clerk of the journals to the House of Parliament. It would have been necessary for him occasionally to read, during a very brief period, before the lords and great men of the British nation. This was all his official station enjoined it on him to do; but the very idea of having to do this was enough to drive him to distraction. He became watchful, nervous, and uneasy. His whole mind was occupied with but one fearful thought — with one tremendous anticipation — and that was his approaching examination, to test his fitness for the office he was

about to fill. How was he to meet this terrible exigency? how was he to undergo this fiery ordeal? Reader! to you the task he had to perform may appear to be comparatively light and easy; but to him it was a task of most awful and absorbing moment; a trial of most disheartening, sickening responsibility; a struggle that unmanned and stupefied him. He struggled hard; he summoned to his aid all the powers of endurance he possessed; he fought desperately against his feelings and anxieties; he prayed, he agonized, he wept; but his strength and resolution were not a match for the terrible fears that agitated his bosom, and he recoiled broken, crushed, and dismayed from the unequal contest. 'There,' said he, after having vainly endeavored to put an end to his sufferings in the madness of suicide, 'there! that broken garter, which I intended should have closed my earthly sorrows, will tell the whole story!'

What paroxysms of fear, anxiety, and shame must have rent the bosom of poor Cowper during this most appalling process—what a dreadful season of agonizing feeling must have preceded it! 'They whose spirits are formed like mine,' he says himself, 'to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horror of my situation; others can have none.' It is certain that nothing is more unpleasant and embarrassing, even to men sometimes of strong nerves and sluggish sensibility, than the necessity of undergoing a public examination, or of being exposed in any way to the observation and remarks of a crowd. Some may regard such an exposure with the utmost unconcern and indifference; but there are others, who, when called to undergo it, feel it to be one of the severest trials of their mortal existence. To tremble and falter we scarcely know why or wherefore; to feel our spirits sinking at the very moment when we stand in most need of firmness and self-possession; to find our thoughts deserting us at the very time when they should be clearest and brightest; to endure the sneers and mockery of men whom we believe to be our inferiors; to be compelled to retreat dismayed and confused, not because we have been beaten in fair and open contest, but because we have been bound hand and foot in the presence of our enemy by the potent charm of some invisible agent—this is a state of weakness and humiliation which is truly painful to a sensitive mind. All this Cowper anticipated with a nervousness and trembling that none could understand or feel like himself. It pressed him to the earth like the heavy weight of despair resting on his subdued and manacled frame; it fastened on his mind like the foul incubus that disturbs our nightly slumbers; it overcame his strength like the poison infused into our blood by treachery and assassination. Let us not be surprised, therefore, when we find him, in describing his unhappy situation, making use of language like the following—language, indeed, which almost makes the blood tingle in our veins, but which, no doubt, conveys a faithful picture of the torments of his misery: 'In this situation such a fit of passion has seized me, when alone in my chamber, that I have cried out aloud, and cursed the hour of my birth, lifting up my eyes to heaven at the same time, not as a supplicant, but in the hellish spirit of rancorous reproach and blasphemy against my Maker.' Here, indeed,

we find him draining the cup of misery, filled to the brim, and over-running with bitterness, but not the less bitter because made ready and prepared in the secret chambers of his own melancholy bosom. What a wonderful and inconsistent piece of work is man! The master of the world, how nearly allied is he to the meanest and weakest of God's creatures! While he walks erect with his head in the heavens, his feet are doomed to traverse the rough asperities of the earth, torn, mangled, and bleeding, at every step of his wearisome progress.

But let us beware how we suffer ourselves to speak with reproach or severity against such a man as William Cowper. We have already seen that he strove honestly, sincerely, and even resolutely, against his terrible infirmity, but its malignity was greater than he was able to conquer. This infirmity became his evil genius, pursuing him through every lane and avenue of life. It was the constant attendant of his laboring and palpitating bosom, poisoning all his pleasures, and drinking the life's blood of his health and happiness. Wherever he suffered his thoughts to roam, to whatever department of life his feelings and affections were directed, there he found his tormentor to be busy with his earthly projects, and to be waiting with eagerness to injure and destroy him. Nor was this the worst consequence of a hostility so bitter and determined. If that hostility had favored no other destruction than that of his temporal peace and happiness, cruel and distressing as he would have felt such a calamity to be, he might have borne it with something like patience and equanimity. But, not content with destroying his earthly hopes and prospects, it insinuated itself into the inner recesses of his mind; it began to disturb the peaceful quiet of his sacred musings; it gradually questioned the propriety of his spiritual security and confidence; and at last accused him directly of downright faithlessness and treason to the KING of heaven.

And now the shades of night — of a long, dark, and dreary night — began to settle down on the mind of poor Cowper. He feared that the fierce anger of Almighty God was ruthlessly directed against him; that the curse of Heaven was everlastingly to rest on his devoted head; that the decree had gone forth to destroy him, both soul and body, in hell. What a horrible idea! What a dreadful thought to entertain of HIM who is all love and all mercy! Infatuated man! Infatuated teachers, who had been the cause of an opinion so horrible entering his bewildered brain! Happy is it for the world that such opinions cannot now be uttered without challenge and without reproof! and that we all believe that no one enters hell except as he makes it his appropriate sphere by falses and evils of life!

It is impossible we should comprehend the load of sorrow which thenceforward afflicted the soul of that melancholy man. An exile from the busy world around him; feeling how great was the distance that separated him from the rest of mankind; alone in the midst of his sorrows and sufferings; he let go his hold on external objects, and sought for forms and images in the inner world of his own mind. But that world was one he scarcely dared look into without shuddering. Sometimes, indeed, it presented to his better vision the glowing realities of truth and goodness. Forms of real beauty flitted before him in indis-

inct perception, and he rallied on the freshness and novelty, the loveliness and grace of a brighter and happier existence. But the smiling picture soon faded from his eyes, like the magic hues adorning the vault of heaven after the sun has sunk below the horizon, and he was again called to grapple and fight with the horrible fantasies of his own bewildered imagination. All the loathsome shapes and figures of despair and anguish marched in gloomy procession before him. They seemed to mutter pitiless curses on their doomed and unhappy victim; they grinned in triumphant mockery as they passed; they bound him in the charmed circle in which they moved; they tortured and they reviled him; and having left him wounded, crushed, and forsaken, they consummated their hellish spite by making him believe the horrid blasphemy, that all this was but the just judgment of offended HEAVEN on his guilty soul.

While reviewing the misery and infatuation of this unhappy man, it is, perhaps, not wonderful that our minds should be led to indulge in a train of thoughts bordering on the undefined and mysterious. Were his mental aberrations owing to causes strictly confined to the sphere of our natural world? May there be an agency and an influence exercised over the human mind by beings associated with our spiritual organism, and who, taking advantage of our ruling fears and propensities, may wield these to their own purposes of serious and irreparable injury? Certain it is that such an agency is exercised in regard to our highest as well as our lowest states of moral and religious probation -- an agency that is acknowledged, in a greater or less degree, over the whole world, to be potent and available both for good and for evil. May it not sometimes transcend the sphere of its ordinary and more confined influences? If demons, in some incomprehensible way, possessed the bodies of men once, as we know they did, may they not now, in an equally mysterious way, possess their minds? Must there not be causes for the mental disorders of men as cogent and efficient as those which we believe produce their moral disorders, the one class of disorders being only a more violent and aggravated manifestation of the other? To all these questions we leave the reader to frame such answers as may suggest themselves to his own mind. At the same time, however, it is undeniably true, that we cannot be too much on our guard against indulging in gloomy and unreasonable thoughts. Who knows what power the tempter may exercise over our minds in consequence of such indulgence? No agent, we may suppose, is more cunning, more subtle, or more malicious, than an agent of the Evil One. We know that William Cowper was an eminently good man, but he might not have been eminently fortunate in the management of what was passing within him. Neither was Dr. Johnson, neither was Lord Byron, and a host of others. We do not say that these men were troubled by the evil influence of invisible agents more than the rest of mankind, but certain it is they labored under most extraordinary fears and anxieties. Whatever may have been the cause of this, nothing can be more apparent than that it is our duty to govern our thoughts as well as our actions, to regulate the inner world of our hidden spirits, as well as the outer world of our visible bodies.

A. J. C.

C L O U D S

SEEN BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

THE sun goes down ; good night to him !
 Swift swallows o'er the corn-field skim,
 And far o'er-head the night-hawks swim
 The 'upper-deep ;'
 Now up, now down, distinct or dim,
 They wheel and sweep.

Lo ! round the sinking god of day
 The clouds soft-piled, in rich array,
 Their forms grotesque so varying play,
 Their hues so bright !
 Oh ! revel-realm of fantasy,
 I long for flight !

As oft in wondering childhood's day
 I've wished for eagles' wings, to stray
 Amidst such rose-bloom, piled away
 Like downy pillows,
 And, like a tumbling dolphin, play
 'Midst BEAUTY's billows !

I'll linger, though of falling dew
 The ill-repute may all be true ;
 Rheumatic twinges may ensue —
 In fact I feel them ;
 But yon cloud-tableau, rare to view,
 Will wholly heal them.

There 's CHARON, sculling in his wherry,
 Presto ! it's KNICK, at 'DOBB his ferry !'
 His face with genial humor merry,
 His bearing clever,
 And very BONAPARTISH — very ;
 'Vive KNICK,' for ever !

There 's Uncle TOM ! as sure as preaching,
 A bag of gold to AUNT reaching ;
 He looks decidedly beseeching,
 She, rather funny ;
 O Uncle, with the sack-cloth breeching !
 O Aunt ! O Money !

There goes KOSSUTH ; hat, plume, and all,
 Full-rigged for corporation-ball ;
 He's growing gassy, thin, and small —
 Gone altogether.
 Farewell ! 'cause-shoot' — next time you call
 Leave off the feather.

See that! a couchant British lion,
 As like as e'er I put my eye on!
 A Briton, may be, might bet high on
 The regal sign;
 But such bets in this part of Zion
 The saints decline!

There comes a lean, queer-looking creature;
 E'en as I speak, it changes feature:
 Its face now short, and now long metre;
 Resemblance prime!
 It is a hungry office-seeker,
 'Bout 'lection time.

There's TONANS, pounding out the thunder;
 The bolts lie thick his anvil under:
 'What wages does he get?' I wonder;
 'What would he take'
 To dash the UNION bands asunder,
 For BUNCOMBE'S sake?

There's Sir JOHN FRANKLIN; strange that I,
 While others search, the lost should spy!
 'T is he though, or his pictures lie,
 Or 't is his ghost;
 That's it! — beneath yon iceberg high
 Sir JOHN is lost!

'Lo, the poor Indian!' there he goes,
 Stern-featured, like a man of woes:
 Now other shapes, like girting foes,
 The chief displace.
 Just so the tragic curtains close
 Around his race.

A last bright vision opens o'er me:
 A fleece, its fabric auric glory,
 Floats through the sun-set arch before me;
 Bright halls receive it!
 (I've read the Argonautic story,
 And half believe it.)

And thence the streaming splendors gush,
 Tinging the twilight with a flush,
 As holy as an angel's blush:
 For me 't were meet,
 Like MOSES at the burning bush,
 To bare my feet!

O NATURE! open book of God,
 With pages beautiful as broad,
 I pity those who onward plod,
 And ne'er behold them;
 They're senseless as the shrouding clod
 That will enfold them.

GW, (Mass.)

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A REVIEWER REVIEWED: a Reply to a Review of 'The Life of WILLIAM PINKNEY, of Maryland, by his Nephew, the Rev. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D.D.' In a Letter to the Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER.

WE place in this portion of our Magazine the following reply to an article in a late number of the *North-American Review*, upon the 'Life of WILLIAM PINKNEY, of Maryland, by his Nephew,' for the reason that in the December issue of the KNICKERBOCKER there appeared in the same department an editorial notice of the work in question, in which conscientious and we believe well-deserved praise was awarded to it. It may not be amiss to add, that the author of the book, and the writer of this reply, is a gentleman of the highest character, and one of the most esteemed pastors of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland:

'THERE is in the April number of the *North-American Review* a criticism upon my book, which it is my intention briefly and respectfully to consider. If the criticism affected myself alone I should permit it to pass without comment. This however is not the case. It seeks to discredit the work, that it may more or less affect the reputation and character of the subject of it. The qualifications of a biographer, together with the mode of accomplishing his task, are to be settled by the decision of a just and enlightened public sentiment, and from that decision there is no appeal. I am aware that a critic possesses over an author many advantages, growing out of the circumstance that he is presumed to write impartially; whereas, in reality, he may be, even unwittingly, performing the functions of an advocate, and giving expression in his critical dicta to long-cherished and deeply-inlaid prejudices. There is scarcely a biography that does not bear more or less upon some of the great and good men who have gone before us. This is to be deeply regretted, because there is room enough in the temple of fame to admit each, and space sufficient in the public regard to take in all. The indiscretions of one biographer may make it, however distasteful, obligatory on another to assume the attitude of defence, and defence sometimes brings one into the position of an assailant. Now it may be that a reviewer, essaying to judge dispassionately of the

merits and demerits of a work, may be biased in his opinions by sympathies which run altogether in one channel; and if so, he is as open to criticism as an author, and not more exempt from the infirmities of partiality.

‘There is strong internal evidence that the present review would signally illustrate this possibility, if all its history were known.

‘The vindication of my uncle’s name and memory from assaults which I considered ungenerous and sometimes unjust, was my sole motive in writing his life. When it is remembered that Mr. WHEATON, whose name stands high on the list of those who have made the country illustrious — who possessed extraordinary opportunities of studying the character of Mr. PINKNEY, and had access to his private correspondence and literary remains; who wrote, too, at a period when authentic anecdotes were fresh in the memory of the living — was not, according to this reviewer, able to present an adequate memorial, I may be contented with the position assigned me.

‘The first item of the charge made against me is the paucity of the material and the dearth of illustrative anecdote. This, it will be remembered, had been candidly conceded by me, and is not an original idea of the reviewer. The fact is unquestionable; but for that the biographer is not responsible. He had not the keeping of the record, and is not answerable for the dearth of its material. Facts are to be used, not fabricated by the biographer. Where they do not exist they cannot be woven into the texture of history. The early life of PINKNEY is for the most part involved in darkness. His was a childhood of privation firmly met and patiently borne; endowed with few advantages save those which had their origin in the example of a mother’s piety and a father’s honest independence of spirit, and early left in a state of helpless orphanage, it was not likely that his sayings and doings should have been cherished in memory like those of the petted favorite of fortune. Every important fact of his after-life is narrated in proper chronological order. His private character is for the first time laid open to the public gaze, upon evidence as reliable as any that constitutes the proper basis of history. Those events are not numerous, and consequently his biography could be little more than a life-like portraiture of the man. Even this reviewer, after making the charge, takes away the keenest edge of his censure, by conceding in another place that ‘many of the deficiencies it was doubtless beyond the power of the author to supply.’

‘He alleges that the facts are not skillfully arranged, and complains ‘that the life-story is very meagre, filling but eighty of the four hundred pages.’ It may be that the reviewer is right, and that I am wrong; but I am simple enough to suppose that the life-story embraces every thing which throws light upon the mental and moral character of the subject of it. That a man was born, studied, and toiled on through trial and difficulty, in a position of responsibility and power, are important parts of the life story; but the life-story is not confined exclusively to facts and dates. It is all-important to trace the peculiarities of the mind and heart, the genius, acquirements, habits of the man; and these are as much the life-story as the birth, acts and death. The plan I adopted may be open to objections; but it was not adopted without a purpose, nor until it had been duly considered. I knew that I should be regarded as a partial judge. I therefore concluded to place before the public all the prominent facts of the life in a succinct and rapid narrative, before I proceeded to dissect and analyze the mental and moral qualities. Those facts in part shadow forth the man. For that reason they were submitted in the beginning, reserving only those that more immediately illustrated the character in its four-fold aspect, to be woven into their appropriate place as the work proceeded. This was

my plan, and such my reasons for its adoption. It may be inartistic, and open to objection, and I shall not now defend it; but it does not seem to me to be fairly open to the charge that the life-story is restricted to the first eighty pages, when each subsequent section is an unfolding of character upon authority, patient analysis, and illustrative anecdote.

'The reviewer proceeds: 'There is abundance of panegyric.' There is, I think, no great fault in this. The only question that can properly be raised is, Is my panegyric deserved? The reviewer says it is abundant, and therefore becomes my apologist. Again: 'There is a great looseness as to dates.' This is not quite clear. I do not exactly perceive what the reviewer intends. Looseness is the opposite to fixedness. If my dates are made to shift about, if they be in one part of the work what they are not in another, it is cause for impeachment, and I deserve to be arraigned at the bar of public opinion. But there must be proof to sustain the assertion. I am not conscious of being liable to such a charge, but should be ever willing to rectify any error into which I might have been inadvertently led. If he means that the day and month are not given as well as the year, I have only to answer that in some cases it was impossible, in others deemed unnecessary. It is comparatively easy to write down 'great looseness as to dates,' while to prove it might be difficult: and surely an author is entitled to proof.

'There is much declamation, and but little genuine biography.' Declamation is an appeal to the passions. I am not conscious of having made such an appeal. I have delineated a character which had certainly been misunderstood, as is quite apparent from portions of this very review; and I have given proof for all I have asserted. The concluding section is the only appeal contained in the book, and that is to the patriotism and intelligence of the young men of the country, an appeal founded not upon the passions, but upon the mental and moral example of a deceased patriot, lawyer, and statesman. Finally, it is affirmed 'that but little is shown which to a person previously unacquainted with Mr. PINKNEY would account for his high forensic renown.' As a statesman it is conceded that he 'fares better.'

'It may be that the reviewer is right, and that my work, which gives the chief characteristics of his eloquence, the prominent traits of his legal mind and habits, the striking features of his skill as a statesman, and the moral virtues which give grace and beauty to his private life, 'does not reveal the man.' But one thing is clear: his character was not understood before; not by the *North-American*, it may be, but by the great body of our countrymen. Even RUFUS CHOATE had forgotten that he was a statesman. The fact that the larger part of his public life had been spent in the sphere of a statesman, not less difficult to fill than the Halls of Congress or the cabinet councils of the nation, at a time too of great delicacy and embarrassment, had been overlooked. Many had need to be reminded that to the study of the Constitution, and the great principles of international law, he had devoted the best energies of his mind. His former biographer was for the most part silent on this subject. The great doctrine that free ships make free trade, and the true theory of the blockade, were those in which he displayed his skill and judgment as a statesman and diplomatist. This reviewer reminds us of his argument in the 'Betsy' case, which it is my purpose hereafter to insert. One era of his foreign public service had passed under the lash of the *North-American*, and from that it was necessary to defend him; and as no exception is taken to that defence, I may conclude it was all-sufficient. The allusion to the collision between Mr. CANNING and Mr. PINKNEY shows that the reviewer is not slow to hurl his

shafts of satire whenever he supposes there is a possibility of their reaching the mark. I have said all that I care to say on this subject, and am content to leave it to the judgment of posterity.

There is, however, one point upon which I must express my surprise at the course pursued by the reviewer. He introduces into his pages an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. PINKNEY in his youth, in the Maryland Legislature, and accompanies it with a vein of keen satire; suggesting that the age of fifty-five had extended the range of his mental vision, and suggested 'a more prudent patriotism.' Not a word is said of any vindication of him from a like charge, nor the most distant allusion made to it. Common justice would demand a distant acknowledgment of the fact. If the defence had been deemed inadequate, its inefficiency should have been shown. Sentiments against slavery in the abstract, (which he held in common with some of the noblest sons of the South,) of the strongest kind, are contained in the Missouri speech. In his youth, and in his matured manhood, Mr. PINKNEY never assumed to interfere with the constitutional rights of the States or the General Government, and it was this that constituted the beautiful consistency of his course. He was opposed to restriction upon Missouri in her admission into the Union, on the floor of the American Senate, and it was in the discussion of that all-important subject that he made what CLAY pronounced the greatest speech he had ever heard, and BENTON pronounces the most gorgeous speech ever delivered in the Senate. In his youth he advocated the right of manumission, with the consent of the owner, on *Maryland soil*.

The reviewer occasionally shoots wide of history. He tells us that it was understood that Mr. MONROE was jealous of his colleague. Understood by whom? I have written to little purpose if I have not shown that those gentlemen maintained toward each other the kindest feelings, and never acted but in concert, and never lost sight of each other's honor and integrity. They lived in harmony, acted in harmony, and their intercourse was not embittered by petty jealousies, and never was the friendship and confidence given in that intimate mission forfeited by either.

The reviewer affirms that Mr. PINKNEY was often 'hard and over-bearing,' 'dogmatic, and running over with sarcasm.' Apply this to the only test we have, and what becomes of the charge? Take any of his speeches, and you will find the tone eminently respectful. True it is, there was an antagonism in the position and spirit he assumed and displayed at the bar. He struggled for victory. He never failed to press his adversary with earnestness, and never suffered an opportunity of success to pass by unimproved. But still the onslaught was accompanied with courtesy and respect. He indulged not in sarcasm for the purpose of inflicting a wound. Judge STORY tells us, in his *Reminiscences*, 'that his speeches did not often scorch with sarcasm,' though he well knew how to use it most effectively. The antagonistic position which Mr. PINKNEY assumed exposed him to misconception and misconstruction. I am not here to defend him on it. He was aiming to be first, and his aim was ever prominently before him. Mr. KENNEDY tells us the older members of the bar were unsparing judges of his fame. He was called to mingle much with his fellow-men at home and abroad, and where, in all his correspondence and private intercourse, do we find the evidence of this hard and over-bearing temperament, this biting satire? MADISON, JEFFERSON, and MONROE were his admirers and companions in business. RANDOLPH, DEXTER, DALLAS, and STORY were never estranged from him. He was seldom involved in personal difficulty. I am satisfied that this idea originated in misconception of his character, and has

come down to us heightened by prejudice, and infused into anecdotes that are wholly unfounded.

'I have claimed for Mr. PINKNEY the possession of high moral virtues: truth, honor, fidelity; great professional attainments, a straightforward manliness in the transaction of business; perfect freedom from censoriousness, and liberality in judgment; and I confidently affirm, upon the proof contained in the work itself, they all existed in him, and are displayed in the deeds and principles therein unfolded. Whatever were his defects, (and who can claim, from mortal man, exemption from them?) these were his virtues. The man whom WASHINGTON singled out in his youth, and MADISON, JEFFERSON, and MONROE delighted to trust; who, STORY assures us, was of peerless reputation at the bar, and 'whose authorities,' this reviewer tells us, 'the judges deemed it superfluous to verify;' who so conducted his foreign embassies as to win for himself golden opinions for frankness and honesty; whose private correspondence breathes throughout of purity; surely, such a man will never put my sketch of him to the blush.

'The reviewer is not quite accurate when, speaking of Mr. PINKNEY's early scholarship, he represents him as confounded by a passage in VIRGIL which was under discussion in a circle of English lawyers and statesmen. I very much question whether VIRGIL is critically discussed in such circles. It was EURIPIDES, not VIRGIL. Mr. PINKNEY confessed his ignorance, as he always did when not informed, and thus exhibited his usual honesty.

'The reviewer affirms that Mr. PINKNEY was a great admirer of ERSKINE, and imitator of him. There is a mistake here: he disdained imitation. STORY tells us 'that his style, although not like JUNIUS, stood out among all others, with the distinct and striking peculiarity which gave such fame to that great unknown writer.' Mr. PINKNEY was original in his views and mode of discussion. Even this reviewer informs us that he witnessed in England a grave and measured manner, in comparison with which *warmth was undignified*, and *passion ridiculous*; and yet he insinuates that he shortened his days by his excessive vehemence.

'There is one expression in the review which I exceedingly regret, because it exhibits a feeling strangely at variance with the impartiality which it is the duty of a reviewer to observe. He speaks of bruises received 'among his compatriots, in the precipitancy of their escape from the field.' Mr. PINKNEY was shot by a musket-ball, while fighting gallantly for the defence of the country. Mr. WHEATON tells us that 'he marched with his corps to Bladensburg, and conducted with great gallantry in the action where he was severely wounded.' His battalion say: 'If, in the course of the glorious contest, this corps has acquired any claim to the applause of its country, we do not hesitate to ascribe it, in a great degree, to the influence of your example, which pervaded its ranks, and invigorated its exertions in the day of battle. To be separated from an officer whose talents, energy, and patriotism are universally admired, whose blood was freely shed in the defence of that cause the justice of which his eloquence on many occasions so abundantly established, must be at any time a subject of regret.'

'There may be wit and satire blended in this attempt to convert a wound from a shot received in battle into a bruise or bruises sustained in a precipitate flight; but it is wit outwitted and satire made nerveless by its want of truth. I wish I could set down this invidious charge to the indiscretion of a momentary excitement; but I cannot. It was written coolly and upon deliberation. Going forth as it does to the country, from a periodical that has a wide circulation and an extensive influence, to be read by many who have no opportunity of testing its want of historical accuracy, it

deserves to be regarded as a wanton outrage upon the fair fame of a deceased patriot, and discarded as a violation of what common justice demands of us when we speak or write of another. Had this reviewer any private pique to gratify, any real or supposed injury to avenge, that he should step out of his way to hurl an accusation against Mr. PINKNEY?—an accusation which is made to blush for very shame when confronted with the testimony of historians too honest to deceive and too impartial to misrepresent? There is no redeeming quality in this assault. It outrages the very grave, and had not even the manliness to subscribe its name to the charge. The courage and patriotism of Mr. PINKNEY could not have been assailed with impunity while living, and I leave it to my countrymen to decide, whether any anonymous assailant can do it with credit to himself, now that he cannot defend his own fame. It may be that I am needlessly severe; yet I feel confident that no man in whose bosom beats a true American heart, and remembers what treason to his country's flag is, will censure me for characterising a charge of this kind as it deserves. It was enough that Mr. PINKNEY should have to share with his countrymen the mortification of a defeat, which courage and capacity could not ward off, without being subjected, thirty years after his death, to an attack upon his courage and a stigma upon his wound, which is, after all, the badge a soldier most values, and which a grateful country will not forget.

It is very kind and considerate in the *North-American* to refer me to those distinguished memoirs which have so happily illustrated the capacity of my countryman to adorn this difficult and delicate path of literary adventure; and my countrymen can better understand than I can express my astonishment in finding that Mr. WIRT's Life of HENRY, now so justly eulogized, was, at a time when it had friends to make, most mercilessly handled by the *North-American* itself. It would almost seem that there had been a transmigration of souls from the one reviewer to the other; as the objections now urged against me were then urged against Mr. WIRT with still greater violence. Scantiness of material and dearth of anecdote were our mutual misfortune; an unskilful use and arrangement of the materials were our common fault; while Mr. WIRT, one of the truly great men of the country, whom I have not hesitated to compare with the first orators of the world, and whose literary taste it were superfluous to endorse, is rebuked for his disjointed and ill-proportioned attempt to describe Mr. HENRY's chief excellence as an orator. Happy am I that my work has been made the occasion of an acknowledgment of the change that had passed over the spirit of the *North-American*, and well contented that my insignificance should be lost in the blaze of that glory that properly belongs to others. That my work has faults I have no reason to doubt. That it has received a large portion of approval from some of the first minds in the country, I attribute to that feeling of our nature which ever looks kindly upon an effort to discharge a duty of affection and friendship.

Having responded to the *Review* in the manner my judgment dictated, I must be allowed to congratulate myself upon the happy coincidence in opinion between myself and the reviewer, in the estimate formed of Mr. PINKNEY, in the character of orator, lawyer, and statesman. To the proof: page three hundred and fourth, number one hundred and sixty-three of the *North American*: 'He had just reached the summit of oratorical fame.' 'He took at once and with ease his place at the head of the American bar.' Page two hundred and seventy-second: 'He stood conspicuously before the world in the front rank of American statesmen.' And concludes in these words: 'He had not outlived his legal reputation, and he saw no rival to dispute his preëminence.'

WILLIAM PINKNEY.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA: Being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country. By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. In two volumes: with Illustrations. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WHILE the question whether ALEXANDER SMITH is or is not a great poet is still an open one, no one who reads the volumes before us will be inclined to doubt that MANSFIELD PARKYNS is a *born* traveller. Since poor RUXTON'S 'Life in the Far West,' we have seen no more readable book of travels than this. 'From a child,' says our author, 'I never knew a good dinner from a bad one, so long as there was plenty: and this is a taste, or rather a want of taste, almost essential to a traveller.' 'Of course a man who cares a straw about what he eats should never travel in Africa. It is not sufficient to say I can eat any thing that is clean and wholesome. You will often have to eat that which is neither, especially the former. I have eaten of every living thing that walketh, flieth, or creepeth — lion, leopard, wolf, cat, hawk, crocodile, snake, lizard, etc., and I should be sorry to say what dirty messes I have at times been obliged to put up with.'

We don't think Mr. PARKYNS is at all inclined to squeamishness about his food, and imagine that he would have been a good average cannibal, if he had been brought up in that 'line of life.' But he had, on the contrary, a Christian education, and we attribute to this circumstance alone the fact that he has not given us in his comprehensive bill-of-fare, 'missionary, on the half-shell.' We find farther on, however, that Mr. PARKYNS don't like 'missionary.'

Thinking the following receipts for blood-letting, etc., which we quote from page twenty-four, may be useful to our readers, we do not hesitate to impart them: 'For my part,' says Mr. PARKYNS, 'I have never been bled, and I hope I never shall, especially in a hot climate. Local bleeding, such as the natives practise, are often highly advantageous, and firing with a hot iron, at their recommendation, may also be adopted. For severe inflammation of the bowels, when you cannot bear to be touched on the part, some boiling water poured on it will be a ready and effective blister, a wet rag being wrapped round in a ring, to confine the water within the intended limits. For bad snake-bites, or scorpion-stings, bind above the part as tightly as possible, and cut away with a knife; then apply the end of an iron ram-rod heated to a white heat. There are, however, I believe, many snakes whose bites can scarcely be cured any how.'

The above receipts are given for the benefit of future tourists in Abyssinia. Here are some hints about the climate of that delightful country which may be timely: 'In a conversation about the comparative heat of different places, an officer of the Indian navy remarked that he believed Pondicherry to be the hottest place in India, but still that it was nothing to Aden, while again Aden was a trifle to Massawa. He compared the climate of the first to a hot bath; that of the second, to a furnace; while the third, he said, could be equalled in temperature by nothing but —, a place which he had never visited, and which it is to be hoped neither he nor any of us will.'

Mr. PARKYNS exhorts those who have satiated themselves with every kind of enjoyment here, to leave for a time their lives of luxury, shoulder a rifle, and try a few months' experience of hardship in a hot climate. 'You will suffer much at first, but in the end will learn what true enjoyment is. You will sleep soundly when you throw yourself down on the bare ground, while in your bed of down at home you might have been tossing about in a fever all night. You will find more pleasure in a draught of water, even if it be a little dirty, or flavored with tar from the leather bag in which it has been carried, than you ever did in the choicest wine to be got in England. You will devour a half-burned piece of gazelle, and find it more palatable than the *cuisine* of the greatest gourmand in Paris. And, as for fruit, it is true we have none to speak of in Abyssinia, but a good raw onion is not a bad thing by way of luncheon.' We counsel our readers to procure these travels and read them; but do n't all go off to Abyssinia at once; some of our 'constant readers' cannot well be spared from home.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF EGYPT, Past and Present. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. In one volume: pp. 358. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.

THE author of this volume is well known to our metropolitan public as an eloquent and popular clergyman, attached to the 'Tabernacle' Congregational Church: and he has shown in these pages that he writes as well as he preaches. 'In the month of January, 1853,' says our author, in a brief and well-written preface, 'I found myself afloat upon the Nile. Six months before, I had left New-York in the uncertainty of pulmonary disease, to try the benefit of a year of travel in more genial climes. The balmy air of Egypt brought healing to my lungs, and with this came an almost boyish gush of life; so that in the soul, as in the outer world, it was the 'Season of Vegetation' after the 'Season of the Waters.' For three months the light of each 'morning without clouds' pictured in the mind the scenery of the Nile, the passing scenes of Egyptian life, and the lingering monuments of Egyptian history, in lines that can never be effaced; and in the abundant leisure of boat-life these views were transferred from the mind to paper. Each view was taken by the light which itself threw upon the mind; *photographed* by the outward upon the inward, and again transferred from the inward to the outward. These impressions, as taken at the time, were laid by for future reference; and now the whole are bound together in a volume for whoever cares to look at life-pictures of a distant land. If the picture is gay or grotesque, it is because the reality was gay or grotesque; if the picture is sombre, it is because the reality was sombre. If in turning over these leaves any shall find innocent amusement for a passing hour, the humble copyist of Nature will be glad of such a measure of success in transferring her mirthful phases; if any shall be saddened by these life-pictures, why he too was often sad at seeing, under the sunniest sky, deeper shadows

than clouds can throw; if any shall find instruction in the pictures, he will be thankful that he did not see and study Egypt for himself alone. For this, his first attempt in the photography of nature, of history, and of human life, his only claim is that the pictures are faithful; taken as they were, and given as they were taken.' Although books of travel in Egypt have somewhat multiplied of late months, we have yet met with no one of them which possessed more interest than the volume under notice. The style is easy and flowing, and being a ready and accurate observer, the author could not well avoid making an entertaining and instructive book. The illustrations of the volume, which are very well engraved, are copied chiefly from the works of BARTLETT and LANE, which in this respect are the common plunder of American authors.

NOTES FROM THE LETTERS OF THOMAS MOORE to his Music-Publisher, JAMES POWER. With an Introductory Letter from THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Esq., F.S.A. In one volume: pp. 176. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THE publication of this work was suppressed in London, and it is quite easy to see why: for it represents the gay poet and pet of the aristocratic circles of London as a very different man from the tender, sensitive and unselfish genius which his friends delighted to depict him. Mr. CROFTON CROKER, in an extended letter to the American publisher, expresses great dissatisfaction with the course adopted by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in his memoirs of the poet, in clipping his correspondence, and thereby injuring the reputation of persons who were MOORE's warmest friends and benefactors, at a time when he needed them most. Complaints are made of many painful and unfair paragraphs having been allowed to appear, which should have been suppressed: 'MOORE's autobiography of his boyhood, full of childish reminiscences, has been printed by the noble editor of the poet's remains without any attempt to explain or illustrate it. From documentary evidence, which could easily have been procured, it can be shown to be most unsatisfactory and deceptive, to use no harsher word.' Records are left in MOORE's diary especially, that do the greatest injustice to the memory of '*Honest JAMES POWER*,' his music-publisher, with whom he had passed twenty-five years of the closest professed friendship on MOORE's part. The rupture between them was occasioned by a business-affair: 'MOORE, after fourteen years of procrastination in facing pecuniary difficulties, through which POWER helped him to flounder creditably, at last takes courage to look into them; and, in doing so, fancied that he discovered an improper charge in long-standing-over accounts, by an annual payment made to another for doing that which MOORE himself was unable or unwilling to perform.' 'And that's the way the quarrel began.' Particulars in relation to this affair, with numerous passages from MOORE's letters concerning this and other matters, make, as we have said, an interesting *brochure*, which will be read with even more interest in England than in this country.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LETTER FROM THE LATE EDITOR OF THE 'BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF.' — We have intercepted the following letter, on its way to the present editor of the '*Flag-Staff*' monthly gazette, published at Bunkum, Long-Island, of which the writer is now its regular Nebraska correspondent. It will be seen that Mr. WAGSTAFF, the former able and popular manager of that renowned sheet, has become a '*Spiritual Medium*;' and that his 'experiments,' since the accidental discovery of his wonderful power, have been of a very extraordinary character:

'DEAR BROTHER: There is one thing you never took me for. I'm a *mejum* — a writing, tipping, knocking, rapping and speaking *mejum*; which is as true as the Nebrasky bill has passed both houses. I send you the partick'lers for the '*Staff*,' of which I have seen no copies for some years, because the country out here is yet wild and sour, but I suppose the '*Staff*' is still itself — a poplar *mejum* of information in your parts. It was an excellent paper when I took it, containin' the best readin' and about the best organ for patent-medicines and such like that I pretty near almost ever seen. It ought to cirkelate some out here, as it will be I think, when we get our saw-mill agoin', up to which time we are pretty much at a stand-still.

'But I was going to tell you about my being a '*mejum*.' The other night I was sittin' alone in my log-cabin, and had fastened the latch, and was pulling off my stockings on the chest, having just wound up my silver watch, which almost skeered me, it ticked so loud, and eat a potatoe, and went and put my pocket-book into the bureau-drawer, when, what should I hear in that still hour of the midnight hour, but three raps. Says I, jumpin' up, with the blood rushin' about my heart, '*Who's thar?*'

'No answer. I thought it was an Indian, with a Tommy Hawk, coming to scollop me. '*Who's thar?*' Then I heard the falls. We have some considerable water-falls near here, and with that I got into bed and popped out the lantern, and fadsied myself safe in Main-street, Bunkum, when what should I hear again but three loud knocks, which made my heart leap up into my mouth. I jumped up, and struck a match, and looked out of the window, expecting an Indian, but could n't see any thing, when suddenly the thought struck me, '*I'm a mejum!*' Says I, bracing myself up against the bed-post, 'If any of my departed friends have come

from the seventh heaven to this miserable digging, where a saw-mill is not yet established, will they please to knock again three times, by way of a firmation?'

'Scarce had I done so when I thought my log-cabin would be pretty near knocked down. 'That pint is settled,' thought I. 'I'm glad it is n't an Injun. Now let's prick up the lamp, and knock off the alfabet:

'A?' 'No.' 'B?' 'No.' 'C?' 'No.' 'D?' 'No.' 'E, F, J?' Rap, rap, rap. 'O?' Rap, rap, rap. 'Well, let the *Seph* go. It's JOSEPH, is n't it?' Rap, rap, rap. 'A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P'—— Rap, rap, rap! 'P,' says I, 'I'm glad it is n't an Injun. What's the uset of wastin' time. It's JOSEPH PIPKINS, is n't it?' Rap, rap, rap! 'I thought so. Well, JOSEPH, what do you mean by coming to my hut at this time of night? I always treated you well, did n't I?' Rap, rap, rap! 'Now tell me; if you are in the seventh heaven you will rap again three times.' To this interrogatory of mine JOSEPH returned no answer, and I heard only the ticking of my watch (bought for fifteen dollars in your town) and the soundin' of the water-falls. Says I to him, 'Are you in a low sphere? If so, have the obleeing condescension to rap only oncet at the head of my bed-stead,' which he did so.

'The fact is, he ust to be a bad neighbor of mine, and a disgraceful fellow, who was killed in a riotous tumult, while dashing about in a fit of the delirian trimens with a bowie-knife in his hand. Said I to him, 'JOSEPH, *go home*;' and he went, so that I was troubled with no more knockings for that night.

'This circumstance led me to a good deal of reflection, and, among other things, that a great many low spirits, who had already cursed this earth, and who warn't able, on any wings that they had, to aspire any higher, were very willing to come back here and hover about their old haunts. At the same time they could n't do so if they did n't find certain uneasy folks, without any Christian faith, still willing to dabble in the ancient and wicked crime of witchcraft. On these people they impose most shamefully, signing themselves 'GEORGE WASHINGTON,' or 'DANNEL WEBSTER, or 'your affectionate wife,' or by whatever signature you please. You may depend upon it, my dear brother, that it is all folly for people to be botherin' their heads so much about the futur', and teasing and goadin' their minds about it, so long as they will do up accordin' to righteous laws the business of the present day. Let 'em be good men this morning, and ten to one they will not be miserable to-morrow morning. What do you want of more revelations than what you have? Ain't we flesh and blood, and ain't we made to associate with flesh and blood? Most certainly. Go to work. Plough your field. Love God. Love your neighbor. Fulfill the duties of your present sphere. }

'The fact is, we want to know too much and to do too little. You do n't want to have any think to do with spirits, until you get to be a spirit yourself. Be industrious; be virtuous, and you will be happy. Day-time warn't made to dream in. Not at all. If I am a mejum, it will be a mejum of common-sense, and I do n't want to see the slavery of superstition settin' its cloven foot on the Nebraska Territory before we get the first crop of corn reaped. If these dictates appear to you accordingly, I wish you would give them a slight insertion into the '*Staff*,' and say that your brother WAGSTAFF done it. I was the fust settler here, and when I see the spirit-rappings comin' where we want nothin' but solid materials, I felt mad. We do n't want dreamers here; we want good hard workers. We want bone, and muscle, and sinoos, and not spirits, and, least of all, ardent spirits. I wish that people would be more teetotal than what they are. Tell Mr. GREELEY to include all vagrom spirits, who go roaming about the confines of creation, in the

pledge, and then we will get some signatoors out here. Squire BINKLEY will sign it; all the men who are to work at the saw-mill *shall* sign it; I will sign it; which will make a host. No school-master shall come here who believes in spiritual-rappings; no judge who believes in it. I won't stay *here* myself if I believe in it. It ain't the place for me, and I will turn myself out of the place before I will do it.

'I have written the above because they are thinking of getting up a circle of spiritualists here, almost before we have got a circle of acquaintance. When will common-sense grow and multiply? The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. Gentlemen, here are millions of fertile acres waiting for the corn to be put in, and instead of rolling up your shirt-sleeves for the undertaking you are wool-gathering in the clouds. Pshaw! I will have a different state of things in this section, at least when my saw-mill is done.

Yours,

'P. SCRIP. — In my next I will describe a wision.

WAGSTAFF.'

'FRAUDS UPON THE TURNPIKE': A REMINISCENCE. — Mr. JACOB S. TRUX, the writer of the capital story of '*Ugly as Sin*,' in our last number, (which we perceive is going the rounds of the universal press,) sends us the annexed sketch of '*Frauds upon the Turnpike*,' which, although in a different vein from the preceding article, will be found equally attractive:

'I WONDER, old friend MARKHAM, staid and sombre clad clergyman that you are now, whether you ever recall, as I do, our summer's trip to the White Mountains ten or a dozen years ago; and whether you would have any serious objection to my relating an incident or two of it compiled from my journal, which, written in a clear, boyish round-hand, now lies before me. After all, there is little to blush at. My father, as good a man as you are, only laughed when I told him the story, and remarked that Poverty had its franchises as well as Wealth.

'A journey to those mountains now is a different thing from what it was in our Freshman days. The early traveller from your parsonage dreams coolly at night under the shadow of Mount Washington, and an extra night upon the Sound puts me in the same enviable position; but then, short as the lapse of time has been, it was an experiment to be thought of and canvassed in soberness, and with careful financial calculation. For us, with our purses in their usual collapsed state, it was indeed hazardous; but we risked it.' Not however in stage-coaches and by the beaten track — that was out of the question. Nor could we walk; for unless a thing of that sort is done in style, you know, we might as well stay at home. Many a scheme was discussed, and more than one fruitless appeal for additional money went home to our paternal roofs. At last there came to my memory an old buggy of my father's, battered and worn with parochial visits, but still defying storms and rocky roads, and at the same moment I bethought myself of a venerable horse, discarded early in the spring, by reason of lameness and manifold disorders, from a dashing stage line, who had since gained a precarious subsistence by the grassy highways of my native town, and in whom I knew by stolen experience in vacation, the fire of youth and of the ancient days of grain was not entirely quenched.

'How fresh and beautiful that July morning was, when, thus equipped, we proudly left the ancient town of Toddville! How gaily our stiff-jointed steed pranced, as if overjoyed at his return to traces and slavery! Our spirits were as light as our garments, and I remember the latter were rather *too* light for the cold,

damp mists of the Merrimack. But the ghostly fog vanished at the smell of the morning air, and the hot sun was beating upon us as we stopped at a roadside hotel. Twenty miles before breakfast—that was a feat to boast of, and here it is in my journal, followed by an exclamation-point.

‘But it was after breakfast that our journey and our pleasure began in earnest. Emancipated from the daily drudgery of study, happy in each other’s society, and in the anticipation of the wonders which we were to see, there was not a hill, a rock, or a tree, but was full of interest for us; not an incident but was food for mirth. Oh! Father TIME! Father TIME! I could forgive the hateful crow’s-feet even now visible in the corners of my eyes, I could pardon you my grizzled hair, my symptoms of dyspepsia, and the many hard knocks and rubs you have brought me, would you but restore again the capacity for enjoyment and the fondness for merriment I had but twelve short years ago. A country girl, with dress unhooked behind, was combing her hair at a window close by the wayside. Our buggy stole along the sandy road unheard, and we extemporized an eye-glass each with our half-closed hands. How quick her rosy flush and her start when she was aware of us; and how ludicrous her half-careless half-frightened return to the window, as though she was n’t to be out-faced by us, and it was nothing to be ashamed of, after all. Our carriage, too confidently trusted, broke down. What bursts of merriment there were, as we trudged painfully under the blazing sun, to the next blacksmith’s shop! MARKHAM, from the buggy, addressed a few remarks to the inmates of a country school, and would have done himself credit had not the windows nearest the road been suddenly and violently shut by a blushing and demure school-mistress. We roared a comic song with the full strength of our lungs as we drove through the quiet streets and past the yellow-painted houses of the Shaker village at Enfield. Our team, as we with pardonable vanity called him, was a never-failing source of amusement. The old horse, doubtless remembering his once august position as a leader of a six-horse stage, used to dash up to every tavern, as if in the crazy vehicle behind him he heard again the aristocratic rattle of the coach boxes, or the crack of the driver’s whip. Then MARKHAM or I would step gravely and calmly out, feel with a knowing air the animal’s warm sides, examine one of his hoofs (no matter which one) anxiously as though in some little doubt about that lameness, graciously present the hostler with a ‘remuneration’ for wetting his mouth, purchase a cigar and drive off at a decidedly slower pace than we drove up. Now, whenever there chanced to be two hotels in the same village, this invariable practice of our steed was both inconvenient and expensive, but we always yielded to it, not only because we were obliged to, but because we never could eradicate from our minds the pleasing idea that we were an object of curiosity and interest to the tavern loungers. I think, to this day, that we were so, though perhaps the interest was less akin to envy than we then supposed.

‘Once, however, our hilarity received a sudden, and for the time an effectual check. We were at dinner—where, or on which day of our journey up, I have forgotten, and the incident is not mentioned in my journal. It was after the regular hour, and of course we were dining alone. Emboldened by each other’s countenance, we made ourselves at home. MARKHAM stupefied the landlord by calling lustily for mountain oysters, stewed owls, devilled frogs, and other like delicacies unheard of in that region before. We jocosely complained that every thing was cold save the butter. We drank eight or ten cups of tea each, (I wonder if they have tea at dinner still in New-Hampshire,) that we might have an excuse for summoning the landlord’s daughter, who was pretty, as all girls then seemed to me.

We were just pledging each other in a brimming saucer of the beverage, and expressing loudly our determination to imbibe a willie-waught, when I glanced toward the open door. There, gazing upon us, with a look of doubtful recognition just breaking over his dark features, stood Professor B —, while over his shoulder peered another face, which I well knew could only belong to the long limbs of Mr. R —, the German tutor. The thought that the commencement of the next term would see us both for the first time in the clutches of these gentlemen fell upon us with crushing and saddening weight, and finished at once our dinner and our tea. The Professor and Tutor, who were returning from an excursion similar to ours, passed on, leaving us in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether we were known. But they had marked us, and I have always found in that fact the reason why we were both marked so low in Latin and German during the whole of our Sophomore year.

'I asked you, my old friend, if you ever recall this excursion? How foolish the question. Does your your wife never allude, with a roguish eye, to that night when we drove up, dusty and tired, to the dingy and confined Flume House, (now, I learn, no more?) Does she never speak of the free-and-easy way in which you introduced yourself, and joined her party? Has she forgotten the next morning's long walk around the Flume and Pool? It was hard work in those days, climbing along those rugged and precipitous paths, and females needed constant and unremitting attention. I presume it is so in some degree still. But if those circumstances have escaped her memory, I know she yet laughs at that stupid mistake of the hostler in bringing out our sorry steed (he had begun to feel pretty stiff and lame in the morning by that time) before her father's smart and lively equipage was ready. It was useless to assure the party that his disorder was only a founder; I see now the twinkle of their eyes and the pursing of their lips as they passed us, turning homeward. Then only, during that fortnight of fun, did I see MARKHAM annoyed. He muttered, as we climbed the hill back of the house, 'We should have left hereafter.'

'Happy days were those which we passed at TOM CRAWFORD'S, enlivened by his rough wit, and cheered but not inebriated by some fine old cider that we were vain enough to believe he only bestowed upon particular friends. By day we wandered over the craggy mountains and by the well-stocked trout-brooks, and by night we called forth the answering spirits from their caves with TOM'S long tin horn. We escorted chance females, pretty and otherwise, to the various interesting spots around his tavern. We flattered ourselves for a time, that we were the choice spirits of his establishment, and that the shadow of Mount Washington would fall darker and drearier, when, regretted and remembered, we should turn our faces homeward. No one saw the fearful inroads which time was making on purses whose constitution was naturally weak; no one, not even CRAWFORD himself, dreamed that our careless faces but concealed the gnawing anxiety that was destroying our inward peace. But it was soon over. One night MARKHAM visited me in my room, his brow wore an unquiet look, his manner was perturbed and anxious.

'Here follow in my diary two or three pages of financial statistics and mathematical calculations which it would be useless to transcribe, partly because they are wholly uninteresting, and partly because, even to me, they are utterly unintelligible. It is enough to say that we fairly and honorably discharged our liabilities, started for home the next day by a different route, and the morning after found ourselves and our team some forty miles from Concord, where we could obtain a

supply of money, with exactly seventy-five cents remaining of the joint stock. We felicitated ourselves extremely on the nice economy which had so exactly measured our finances, and as MARKHAM lectured with mock gravity on the sweet uses of adversity, our spirits, which had been somewhat sunken for a day or two, rose again. The sum was precisely what we wanted; fifty cents would procure our dinners, a nine-pence (that is, twelve-and-a-half cents) would purchase four quarts of oats and hay *ad libitum*, and the remaining nine-pence was good for four cigars. Not only necessities but luxuries were thus at our command. Truly we were not yet empty enough to sing in the presence of the highwayman.

'But the forty miles were not yet reduced to thirty when a shadow fell across our path, which I would willingly forget. It was a toll-bar, which strong and wide, stretched grimly across the road, looking like one of those family gibbets built in the good old days to accommodate a baker's dozen at a time. But the ostensible object of the gallows was to prevent sorrow and extirpate crime; this cross-bar brought more woe upon us, and led us into more sin, I verily believe, than the leafless tree has ever prevented. May the young be warned by our remorse! 'How much?' I asked in a voice slightly trembling with emotion. We were appalled at the reply. Five-sixths of our precious hoard were remorselessly swept away by that dirty-bosomed female's answer. We remonstrated, but in vain. We denounced the demand as extortionate; she was inured to complaint. We threatened to inquire at head-quarters; she quietly pointed to the printed rates which formed one side of her toll-house. It was too true—a horse and covered carriage could pass that gate only upon the disbursement of sixty-two and a half cents. It was something, however, to be assured that the payment of this sum protected us from any further demands until we reached our resting-place. We had saved enough from the wreck of our fortune to insure us the grain. The health of our steed was entirely too delicate to allow us to forget him, but our dinner and cigars had vanished.

'What is that?' I exclaimed suddenly to MARKHAM, when we had passed over in unbroken silence about five miles more of that expensive turnpike. Two tall uprights, connected by a cross-bar, a little shanty by their side, and another dirty-bosomed woman knitting in the door-way, started up like foot-pads in the road ahead. 'Hush!' said MARKHAM fiercely. I glanced at my companion. His face was deathly pale, but wore an air of determination and recklessness such as MACBETH might have shown when, like us, he was impelled to crime by a force he could not resist. 'There is no other way,' muttered MARKHAM, as we saw that the gate was open. He gave the horse a blow which must have brought back to him vivid recollections of staging in heavy weather; and as the animal darted forward, he leaned over to me and commenced reciting with eager animation the first book of the *Iliad*, to which I bent forward with rapt attention to listen. As we passed the gate, I heard a female voice. It is a sound that is seldom without its charms to me, but at that moment the grand hexameters of HOMER prevailed. Her music became an octave or two higher, but the song of the sirens would not have stopped us then. In a moment, however, a deep bass voice joined in the melody, and, stealthily looking behind, I saw a brawny man bearing down upon us, at a rate which threatened soon to outstrip that of our already wearied horse. We were gently trying to increase his speed, when a shrill tenor on our right, proceeding from a healthy-looking stripling, who was rapidly cutting across lots to intercept us, made the concert complete. Under these circumstances a hasty council of war was held, and we decided to stop.

'Sorry to disturb you so much, my friends, for so trifling a matter,' said MARK-

HAM, with his usual urbanity, when the three, puffing and angry, had gathered around us.

‘So you wanted to run the gate, you young rascals, did you?’ politely inquired the basso of the troupe.

‘And tried to run over me too, the nasty villains,’ said the soprano, ‘and me a setting quiet on the bar.’

‘We were told a few miles back,’ returned MARKHAM, with imperturbable good nature, ‘that there were no more gates to run.’

‘Now drat that NANCE BUTTERFIELD,’ said the prima donna, ‘isn’t she the biggest liar that ever was raised in these parts?’

‘It was their turn now to hold a council of war, and I began to tremble at its probable result; but the politeness and good humor of my companion prevailed, and upon the payment of the trifling sum of twelve-and-a-half cents, we were at last suffered to depart, not, however, without a parting lecture more forcible than complimentary from the lady keeper, who had from the first been strongly in favor of applying to our case the extreme rigor of the law. O woman! worthy when obeyed, of all the praises poets and lovers heap upon thee, how thy sweet milk of human kindness turns to bonny-clabber when thy calls or thy entreaties are slighted and despised!

‘And now the cloud which had been for days threatening and growing in our sight had spread and thickened until it overspread our entire horizon. We were strangers in a strange land, forlorn and penniless. Visions of future toll-gates obtruded themselves upon our imaginations, but we talked of them dreamily, as the traveller speaks of a possible accident by railway, with his mind not fully made up as to the course proper to be adopted. A worse evil we felt was about to befall us, which for a time neither dared to mention to the other; but as the morning wore on, the hungry looks of MARKHAM glaring upon me and my no less ravenous responses, told the tale our lips refused to utter. On our joyous journey up, we had thought it little to call at a farm-house, fare sumptuously, we and our horse together, and leave our entertainers with numberless expressions of regard and invitations to repay the visit at our airy mansion in Beacon-street, and not a hint of pay; but now, with our empty purses and our altered spirits, it was an experiment too hazardous to be attempted. Meanwhile, as if sympathising in our distress, our steed trotted stiffly and wearily on, oblivious of the swinging signs by the way-side, haply dreaming of the green lanes and luxurious commons of the town of Toddville.

‘Noon came; over the meadows and corn-fields we saw the farmers and their men returning to their mid-day meal; through the open windows we smelt the fragrant steam of their coveted dinner, and saw them in their shirt-sleeves around the well-filled board. For us no table smoked, no comely housewife dispensed the grateful tea, no smirking hostler grained our tired steed. ‘There are occasions,’ at last observed the sententious MARKHAM, ‘when the prejudices of society should give way to individual necessities.’ As he uttered these words, we were approaching a hill, one of the many we had during the day encountered, and which were fast exhausting the strength of our noble animal. The haying season had passed, but here and there the provident eye of the farmer had selected a little patch of grass as suitable for seed, and by the side of this ascent were stacked a few bundles, chosen from his wide-spreading fields as worthy of propagating a coming crop. We cast a hasty look behind; one universal dinner reigned around. It was but the work of a moment, while I leisurely drove to the top of the acclivity, for MARKHAM to vault lightly over the stone fence, seize one of the precious bundles, and return heated

and excited to the chaise. The provender was snugly stowed away under the seat, and then commenced a flight from possible pursuit, which would have been interesting and instructive to a practised highwayman. It was at least an hour before we ventured to tether our fatigued and heated Bucephalus under the shade of a wide-spreading maple, by a running stream, and supply his wants. The stolen food seemed sweet to him. As for us, we were content to assuage our hunger with the fragrant leaves of the wintergreen, which grew luxuriantly by the road, with its last year's berries, and with the inner bark of the white pine.

'After this delicate and not altogether satisfactory repast, we pursued our journey. It was a type of the journey of life. The gayety and joyousness of youth had vanished with time and trial, and as the sun declined, we looked back with fondness, yet with pain and regret, to the time when the future was bright and glowing before us, when the way-side was strewn with flowers, and want and trouble were unknown. We recalled the dreams of days that were past; we lingered over the memories of our upward journey; and MARKHAM'S eyes glistened as we spoke of the Flume and Pool.

'Twilight wrapped us about in its cooling embrace, and our spirits rose again as the guide-board told us we were but three miles from our destination. Hopefully and patiently our brave horse still toiled on over the heavy road, and we began to converse cheerfully of rest from the anxieties and weariness of the day, when again the phantom that for thirty miles had ridden at our backs, showed itself before us. Upon the far extremity of the bridge which spanned the only river flowing between us and our night's repose, the well-known signs upreared themselves against the clear sky — a small red house — an open gate. The ignominious failure of the morning warned us to stop and parley with the iron-hearted keeper, but we decided to risk another race. Slowly and cautiously we approached the gate, trembling lest the footfall of our horse or the rumble of our wheels should betray us, before the time for decided action had arrived. But there was no movement perceptible within the house, and as we came opposite it we each gave a wild shriek, and with voice and lash urged our frightened animal to the top of his speed. The cool air of the evening had revived him, and his action surprised us, accustomed as we were to his sober movements. Up the river bank and along the wide stretch of intervalle beyond he sped, as though the Erl King and his daughters were in hot pursuit. The geese fled cackling from their beds in the dusty road, the startled maids looked up curiously from their milking-pails, wondering at our mad flight, and the young colts in the barn-yards snorted and kicked, as if they envied our rapid gait. But we dared neither to look behind nor slacken our speed. The foam flew from our charger's mouth, his sides were wet with perspiration, and his breast heaved with his unnatural exertion, but the rein was not drawn until afar in the distance the steeples and green tree-tops of Concord burst upon our view. Then timidly and cautiously I ventured a glance behind, through the little window in the rear of our vehicle. We had distanced all pursuit.

'The gayety and freedom with which, as of old, we threw the reins to the hostler at Gass's Hotel, and the ease and dignity with which we strode into the bar-room, I recollect as if it were but yesterday. To this day the taste of the juicy beef-steak which we ordered is familiar to my palate. How grateful were the mild Havanas to lips so long unaccustomed to their soothing flavor! How proudly we puffed away at them, as arm in arm we paced up and down the long piazza in front of the inn! The fear of pursuit and recognition which for a time harassed us had vanished with our supper, and I ventured even to trifle with the danger which had so lately threatened us with fine and imprisonment.

“Landlord,” said I, as we approached the portly, good-natured proprietor of the hotel, “who is that ill-natured fellow that keeps the toll-gate on the bridge, about three miles above?”

“Well, it keeps itself now, I guess,” rejoined the worthy Mr. GASS, with a smile, “we made it a free bridge about a month ago.”

LETTERS FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.—Our readers will welcome anew our ‘Up-River’ correspondent from his ‘covert in the mountains.’ He has been absent but a brief space from our pages, but already the query was multiplying upon us: ‘Where is your ‘Up-River’ correspondent?’ ‘Himself shall make reply’:

‘THE banks of the Winooski River are not so magnificent as the Hudson, near which my tent was pitched last summer. The Winooski takes its rise in the clouds, and by the ooings of the mountain-sides and the coalition of numerous little rills, finally manifests itself in a shallow stream, which, by a circuitous route, intercepted by many mill-dams, goes to contribute its own share to the beauty and glory of Champlain. Winooski is small indeed in the dry weather, in most places not up to a dog’s knees in depth, irresolute, and turning aside for fallen logs and little pebbly islets, not very limpid, but never stagnant. In some of its windings it encircles meadows of peculiar beauty, whose velvet softness is in frequent contrast with the wild Titanic glens in which they lie. They are covered with flowers, like prairies, from which the winged little laborers bear their treasures to the clefts of the rocks, among the inaccessible acclivities, there to shuffle off the sugar from their thighs, and mix them with the dews of some Hymettus. There is abundance of honey hidden in the skeletons of the prostrate oaks and among the rended rocks, untasted by the Samsons whose triumphal march is seen in the vale below. But Winooski is in his glory in time of freshet. When a sudden thaw has melted the snow from the mountains, which ascend from its banks on either hand through its whole extent, or violent swashing rains have lasted for two or three days, rolling down precipitately through innumerable channels into its bed, it sweeps onward with immense volume, and with the speed of a mill-race into the lake. The streets of inland towns witness the rare spectacle of navigation, and the miller stands on the deck of his trembling ark, expecting it to go to pieces on the rocks, or to be wrecked among the corn-stalks. In the spring when the ice breaks up, it is with immense thunderings, and as the moving masses hurry onward in their resistless course, the spectacle is sublime on the banks of Winooski or Onion River. Mr. THOMPSON, author of the ‘Green Mountain Boys,’ has given a graphic description of this in his novel called ‘The Rangers, or the Tory’s Daughter,’ which *see*. Time was when the speckled trout abounded in this stream, but this bashful fish has long since taken refuge in securer waters. He does not like the hum of villages, or the reflection of farm-houses on his stream, nor his bogs nor even his rocky coves to be shaken by locomotives, and refusing any longer to keep company with suckers and vulgar finnies, he buries himself in the cool seclusion of Peacham and Osmore, surrounded by woods. Even here he is surprised and decoyed from his fastnesses by the cunning art of AURORA MALLORY, a fisherman of distinguished reputation in these parts. Mr. MALLORY, as the result of fishing, has taken to farming, but is always ready, on a favorable opportunity being presented, with the most

cheerful alacrity to return from farming to fishing. In fact, he alternates between the two. I do not say that he would be persuaded to leave his fields in the critical junctures of planting or of harvest, but on almost any other occasion he would forsake his plough-share on the mountain-side or hang his sickle in an apple-tree for a day or two, in order that he may not become rusty in the piscatory art. It is his natural and peculiar calling. Fisherman *nascitur non fit*. It is impossible to breed an artificial enthusiasm in this matter. Some people are born with a love of horses. Major WIGGINS, at the age of eighty, still insisted on handling the reins, and would walk about his stables to inspect his stock with the keen appreciation of a young man of twenty-five. He was recovering after a hard struggle from a fever; not being able to obtain the consent of the physician to drive a new span before he got well, he begged hard to be allowed to stand a few moments on the porch that he might see his three-year old colt trotted before him on the lawn, in consequence of which indulgence the Major was seized with a relapse and died. I believe it is so with other tastes. For myself, I am free to confess that I can catch no fish, and never yet went with a party a-fishing that, owing to some untoward circumstance, the whole result of the expedition was not unsuccessful, as if I were a JONAH in the ship. Still I profess a great admiration if not enthusiasm for the art. I never knew a born fisherman who was not possessed of something genial in his composition. Brooks, lakes, meadows, and the calm scenes of nature often revisited, soothe the temper. Waiting long for a bite, and getting lines out of a snarl, and hooks out of a stump, induces patience; baiting for other people, an obliging disposition; exercise, health; a good mess of fish, cheerfulness; and so on through the whole catalogue of virtues. On this account, although my luck is poor, I seldom lose an opportunity, when fairly presented, to go a-fishing. My last visit to Osmore was on the first of June, during a former visit to this State. AURORA MALLORY was the guide, and rode before in a small vehicle of his own, singing a variety of songs to cheer the way. We rode a matter of twenty miles, intending to stop at a number of small lakes. Several times we alighted to drop our lines in some brook which flowed by the way-side. On one occasion I was fortunate enough to jerk up a dazzling trout weighing about three-quarters of a pound, and threw him clean over in the highway where he floundered about in the dust, tarnishing his purple spots and rainbow colors. He was my last. The stream was full of logs, in the bark of which my hook became buried beyond the hope of extrication. Mr. MALLORY was, however, successful, and caught a good mess. Having advanced several parasangs, as ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝ would express it, and it being high noon, and our appetites sharpened by riding in the exhilarating mountain air, we thought it high time to sound the gong for dinner. We then kindled a fire and toasted our fish on the end of a sharp stick, together with slices of bacon, and having searched our baskets for some potato-bread and golden grass-butter, and dipped some water from a crystal spring, we did fall to with a 'realizing sense' of the luxury of this elegant entertainment. What smacking of lips on the grassy bank! 'It is good,' said I. 'It's mor'n that,' said AURORA, 'It's natur'. He, however, preferred to eat his pork cold, cut into square chunks with a jack-knife. In the mean time the ponies were refreshed, and we travelled on to Peacham. At four o'clock the next morning we were on the way to Osmore, an oval lake embosomed in the woods. It was bitter cold, and although the first of June, the ices depended from the troughs where the horses stopped to water. We kindled a fire in the woods at the water's edge, of broken shingles, sticks, leaves, and shavings, and the birds of spring, half-frozen, hopped around until they nearly scorched their feathers in the

vicinity of the flame. AURORA did the fishing before breakfast, which meal was duly announced as ready about sunrise, and as that luminary dispensed his beams above the tree-tops, and our spirits were revived with good coffee, we launched forth into the lake and cast anchor. Our luck was immense. We had been piloted to the right spot. Monstrous one and two-pounders were captured in numbers. We thought it trout-fishing extraordinary, but in the excitement of taking an enormous fellow, number two, for me, my hat went overboard, and in an instant was wafted beyond the reach of oars or poles. This compelled us to weigh anchor, and we did not succeed in getting upon the ground again. The sport was up, and we bade farewell, after patient waiting for renewed luck, to Osmore pond. Brook-trouting is perhaps more fascinating, and is very good in the Green Mountains. It is pleasant to follow the course of a stream which you can almost leap over, letting your line follow the course of its rapid current, detaining it a little while in the sly and pebbly retreats. Here, however, I can catch none, owing to the quaking of the bogs and the abundance of grasses, tendrils, and roots. Knowest thou how to cook a trout, in addition to the aforesaid method of toasting him on a sharp stick? Wrap him up in brown papers, without removing the viscera, and put him in the hot ashes. He is good. I hope to make an excursion to Memphramagog, here called Magog, (for farther abbreviation, why not Gog?) There they take the big trout called Muscalonge. What I think of these waters and the adjacent shores must remain for some subsequent piscatory eclogue. It is a marvel to me that many who are fond of good fishing, and whose patience must be worn out in thrashing the used-up streams of Long Island, do not come to the State of Vermont more frequently now that the distance is abridged to a day's journey. The scenery is of endless diversity. 'Camel's-Hump' towers aloft and overlooks the whole State. To attain its highest point, and to scan the magnificent panorama which there bursts upon the sight with all its diversity of lakes, rivers, cities, villages, plains and mountains, is an attempt to which my ambition prompts, and which, with the assistance of adequate health and of good companions, I mean to carry through before its beard is again bristling with ices and its head crowned with snows. It is a work of no little toil, but once accomplished it is something to boast of, and will leave a remembrance never to be effaced. Such is the testimony of those who have experienced 'how hard it is to climb.' At the same time, it is little visited, the great crowd of summer travelers going where they can find accommodations, to the White Mountains. It has no Mountain-House, and I believe it must be ascended on foot. So much the better. Once up, you remain all night, and pitch your camp in the vicinity of the stars. You take an adequate supply of blankets or freeze to death.

'The State of Vermont, rock-ribbed and rough as it is, is as much distinguished for substantial blessings as any other in the great confederation. Education is universal, and the necessary comforts of life very equally diffused, while pinching poverty and pampered luxury are alike unknown. It is true that the hills do not bloom with purple grapes, and the fruit of the vine is not given to its hardy sons. But the sleek cattle are seen browsing on the mountain-tops, where standing quietly in relief against the blue sky, they look from the vales below as if they were sculptured from the solid granite. Some of the best farms are high up among the mountains, where you will find the dairies well stocked with rich cheeses, and yellow butter in white maple pails, and it is a remarkable feature in these mountains, wherein I believe that they differ from those of New-Hampshire, that they are for the most part green to their summits. They are appropriately named. The

maple is a distinguished ornament of the forest. The symmetry of its form, the cleanness of its foliage, its smooth and erect stem, its delicate and tender leaf, and the Tyrian beauty of its hues in autumn, strike you with admiration. These regions are most favorable to its growth. Every year it enriches the State with a crop of sugar, and when the axe has been laid to the root of the tree, at what time old Boreas visits the earth, and the 'Man of the Mountain' is covered with icy mail, it produces a crackling, blazing fire, a substantial glowing coal, second only to hickory itself. The wild strawberry now scents the air and abounds in all the meadows, and the feet of the cows as they return homeward at evening with full udders, are ensanguined with the juices of the delicious fruit. The little Canadian-French girls, who live in the suburbs, collect the red harvest. The 'Rose of the Prairie,' with its double white and red flowers, now blooms on the porches. There have been a few days of scorching heat; with these exceptions, up to the present time, the weather has been distinguished for an *amabile frigus*—a delightful coolness. It is the ninth of July, and ten o'clock P.M. The mercury stands exactly at sixty degrees. The full round moon shines with dazzling effulgence on the exquisite Dorian columns of the Capitol, as chaste a specimen of architecture as the country can boast; the mellow strains of well-mated wind instruments float on the cool and balmy air, and there is a splendid exhibition of auroral light, the rays vanishing and again appearing, darting like so many rosy fingers up to the very zenith. It is almost a sin to retire from the enchanting scene, to 'wrap the drapery of your couch around you, and lie down to pleasant dreams.'

R. W. S.

TOUCHING DELINQUENT CONTRIBUTORS.—A lady-correspondent in Pennsylvania, whose cordial words of cheer have 'touched us nearly,' speaking of the KNICKERBOCKER, and its correspondents past and present, observes:

'OCCASIONALLY some who catered for us so delightfully disappear from the banquet; some to drink the new wine in our FATHER'S kingdom, while others, after long intervals, regale us with dishes of such exquisite flavor that their memory is tinted with the delicate perfume. How vividly live the picturings of quaint 'JOHN WATERS!' How cool and pellucid '*His Sprynge!*' Why does he not write more for 'Old KNICK?' I have looked yearningly a long time for his breathing words. There too is 'JOHN H. RHEYN,' I have missed *him* long and much. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' Never will die from my memory the last droppings I ever read from his graceful pen—an article entitled '*Seeds*,' which appeared in your pages some four or five years ago. Closely allied to this is another gem, '*The Young Gray-Head*,' written—by whom? I have forgotten; but the bare mention of it bedims my eyes with tears, and I see the bereaved father, whose feet are no longer hope-shod, and the 'home-star' glints less brightly since DEATH, with icy breath, chilled the fair flower of the household.'

Our old friend and correspondent JOHN WATERS is (*ex-officio*) at the head of one of our oldest metropolitan banking-institutions, and has little leisure to 'court the coy muse;' while 'JOHN H. RHEYN' ministers in 'the church' every Sunday, to the edification of all his parishioners, among whom he is greatly esteemed. Let us hope that this 'reminder' may prompt both of our long-delinquent correspondents to reflect that our readers have not forgotten their welcome favors; that they 'cannot but remember such things were, that were most pleasant to them.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Our readers who may be sojourning at the great sea 'watering-places,' in these sultry days, over-hearing a vast deal of ocean-sentiment, if not 'talking it' themselves, will read with appreciative gratification the '*Sea-Shore Sketches*' of our friend and welcome correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' of which the present is the opening number :

"SUN-set and silence on the land;
Wild waves upon the shore;
Where they break with a booming sound on the sand,
Rolling with deep-toned moaning roar,
Ever, yes, ever more!"

"Thus spoke ALONZO JIGGER.

"Oh! Mr. JIGGER, is that original?" said the soft voice of MINNIE LOW, as she leaned on that gentleman's arm, slowly walking along the sea-shore, toward sun-set.

"Aye, indeed!" was the poet's sole response.

"Re-eally!" continued MINNIE; "you ought to publish your poetry, it's so perfectly charming!"

"Could I but charm one fair being, and have her for my minister!"

"Oh! oh! Mr. JIGGER! Why, I declare, you must be in favor of woman's rights: the idea of a woman being a minister is so absurd. Just fancy her in a pul —"

"Take keer there!" shouted the driver of a two-horse wagon, as he 'gave the head' to a couple of beasts that were trying to improvise a trot: 'take keer!'

'And they *did* take care. On whizzed the team over the hard, damp beach; breaking up Miss MINNIE's speech and the gravel at the same time:

"STARS shine on the dashing waves,
As they boldly leap for shore,
And break, like the beat of a throbbing heart,
On the breast they cover o'er,
Ever, yes, ever more!"

steamed away ALONZO. The hour, the day, the man, the young woman by his side; that great scene-painter, the SUN, working away at the West, and getting up a 'Grand Sun-set Scene,' prior to his departure for an Eastern engagement; the roll of the waves, the bracing air from the ocean, all conspired to warm up the boiler of his brains, and send out the steam of his imagination in the shape of rhyme. Nothing could hold him in, not even fallow-tanned leather reins; or, as we are speaking of steam, not even a 'brake' (unless it were a *break-down*) could stop him.

'Poor, charming little MINNIE! how I did pity her as she tried to look interesting at the poet, and interested in his — 'discourse.' It was a flat failure; and when the poet tried to carry her, in imagination, among the

"Dashing waves, as they boldly leap for shore,"

it was evident poor MINNIE was out of her *depth*, and was afraid of being drowned in the torrent of his flowing verse:

"WHITE wings, like the sea-gull's, gleam,
As they lazily rise and lower;
The sails of a ship on a summer's night
Outside of the breakers that roar,
Ever, yes, ever more!"

"Be-e-cautiful! charming! But, Mr. JIGGER, I think we had better return to the hotel; the air is rather damp," suggested MINNIE.

"Dam — p!" said ALONZO to himself; then added, speaking out: 'but is it not beautiful to wander at sun-set by the sad sea-waves, quoting choice gems from bouquets woven in the brains of poets, and recite, in thrilling words, 'Roll on, thou steep and deep blue ocean'? Ah! BYRON was immortal and —'

“Immoral!” interrupted BEECH BARK, Esq., who, over-taking him thus suddenly, broke in; adding, while he lifted his hat, ‘Miss Low, good evening! Lonzy, how d’ye do? Miss MINNIE, your mother is very anxious about you: sent me out as bell-man, to hunt you up. They’re all going over to the ‘Hop,’ and want your company. Am sorry to break in on Lonzy’s poetical quotations—a ‘strong point’ of his. And now, having delivered my message, I’m off.’

“But BEECH — n-no! Mr. BARK!” imploringly cried MINNIE, ‘don’t go! I have n’t thanked you for your kindness in bringing Ma’s message—and ——’

“You’re tired to death of Lonzy’s poetry. Cousin JIGGER, my boy—the poetry of action and the prose of conversation: throw your fancy into the Mazurka and your facts into your speech: just watch me dance to night, and see if I don’t break more hearts by my action than you could by your passion.”

“It was moon-light. ALONZO JIGGER sat by the sea-side ruminating:

“HARK the dashing, and crashing, and smashing, and splashing,
While the breakers roll in on that surf-beaten shore;
Coming rumbling, and tumbling, and grumbling, and stumbling,
While one’s head is near stunned by the thundering roar.”

“Along the hotel piazza in the moon-light, escaping from the crowded room, BEECH BARK and MINNIE Low wandered arm in arm. The ‘Hop’ was nearly over. That night Miss Low promised to become Mrs. BARK; and a whisper of the ‘engagement’ suddenly coming to the ears of ALONZO JIGGER, caused him to write those memorable lines:

“The world is dark and cold for me!”

which sentiment, as it was broached in July, makes us rather envy the poet’s situation—if it was not one of ‘poetical license.’

Another ‘Sea-Shore Sketch’ in our next. - - - Don’t laugh, nor call us ‘sentimental,’ after reading the following. Assuredly it was, at one while, no laughing matter. The other day—some six weeks ago, say—we took a long walk toward Tappaan-Town, along a road that was often travelled by WASHINGTON, (and *once* by poor ANDRE!) to visit a friend who was confined to his house from injuries received by a fall from the same, while shovelling snow from its roof, during the ‘last snow-storm of the season.’ After an hour of various chat, and a visit to the model-farm of the invalid, stocked not only with good horses, ‘sheep and kye,’ but all manner of fruits, we departed; and as we came away, our flannel-swathed sufferer said: ‘I shall send down to little JOSE, in a day or two, a hen and her brood, for her little pets.’ Promptly enough they came; a beautiful dark-speckled matron, with a family of eight little ‘peepers,’ the delight of all the juvenile household. An edifice, in the *Ironie* style of architecture, was constructed, (*‘alone* we did it,’ KNICK Senior and the Younger,) in an angle of the stone-wall which bastions the hill behind us; and in this light lattice-mansion we placed the exiled family. How happy were the little people to feed them; how joyous at sight of the wee chicks drinking from a flat tin vessel, lifting with every sip their eyes upward, as if in gratitude for the boon! Also it was pleasant exceedingly for the older folk to see the maternal guardian cluck into her enfolding feathery tent her tender young; and often came to us, when we saw this, the touching simile of our SAVIOUR: ‘O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee together as a hen gathereth her brood

under her wings, but ye would not!' Well, the little 'peepers' waxed strong, and their voices grew louder, and they wandered every day farther and farther from their mother; and one stormy night, when the wind howled over the Tappaan-Zee, and we heard the 'voices of all its waves' in the night, the foolish mother and chicks were out in the tempest until morning. Her wings were not broad enough to embrace them all in her sheltering fold; and at daylight the cry went forth that 'two of the little chickens were dying!' They were brought into the house, and laid on a chair, wrapt in a soft flannel covering, at a safe remove from the kitchen-fire. There the children watched over them, with an assiduity and anxiety truly distressing. The film had gathered over the eyes of the little pets; their infrequent 'peep' was husky and almost indistinct; and the '*cry*' that 'they were dying' would have touched the hardest heart. It was a sorrowful thing to see; but by and by 'sadness was turned to joy.' In an hour the little things were walking about, and in two hours were well again. Wet eyes were dried; and the cherished ones now of all the little brood are the survivors, whose dubious fate was watched with many tears. How about that *other* hen and chicks, 'A. H. S'? - - - '*Audi alteram partem*' is our motto always; and Mr. HENRY SEDLEY, upon whose alleged plagiarism of '*The Battle of Bunker-Hill*,' we animadverted in our last number, shall have the full benefit of the maxim. Premising that we received from two correspondents in Chicago assurances that the poem in question was put upon the theatre-bills of that town for recitation as '*written*' by Mr. SEDLEY; that the journal in which it appeared published it as written by him, and still announces it as '*furnished by Mr. SEDLEY for publication in its columns as original with himself*;' that when this paternity was first disputed, then authoritatively denied, Mr. SEDLEY still persisted that he *was* the author of the ballad, and could produce the original manuscript from Boston; premising our positive assurance of all this, we give without comment the following extract from a letter of Mr. SEDLEY to the EDITOR:

'THREE years ago I put together a poem or ode upon the subject of the 'Battle of Bunker-Hill.' At this time my father, W. H. SEDLEY SMITH, of Boston, and myself were often in the habit of writing in conjunction, he often correcting, altering, or amending various essays of mine, and often taking my subjects or ideas and 'working them up' for the purpose of literary or dramatic effect. This poem of mine was much like that which I have since learned was published in the KNICKERBOCKER for June, 1852. Shortly after writing this poem, I went to the South and remained for some time: while there I noticed that my father had recited a poem called 'Bunker-Hill' upon some occasion, which poem I naturally concluded was *my poem*, altered and amended by him. On my return to Boston he spoke of it, but not in such a manner as to disabuse me of this impression, nor did I see the copy from which he had recited. I had never seen the poem in the KNICKERBOCKER, or ever heard of it.

'Some months ago, in this city, a young lady showed me a copy of 'Bunker-Hill,' which she said my father had given her in manuscript. I took it and recited it at Rice's Theatre in this city, on the occasion of the last night of the season of 1853-4. Much of the language seemed entirely familiar to me, and I was fully persuaded that it was my ground-work altered, improved, etc., by my father. Shortly after, a gentleman of this city called upon me and greatly desired to have it published: I was averse to this, but finally consented, putting the heading, '*spoken by Mr. SEDLEY on the last*'

night of the season,' etc., etc.; thus laying no claim whatever to its authorship. This I did out of delicacy, thinking my father had more to do with it than I, being as I have already assured you, entirely ignorant that it had ever been printed. The gentleman in question, without my knowledge and against my wish, altered my heading to '*written by*,' etc.; and soon after, to my great astonishment, appeared an article stating the poem to have been by 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' and published in the *KNICKERBOCKER* in June, 1852. I wrote to my father on the subject, and am now in receipt of his reply, corroborating the statement of its true authorship, and explaining the mistake which I had made, at the same time saying there was a strong resemblance in style, etc., between the poems.' - - - 'I trust this will satisfy you that I have been guilty of no intentional or wilful plagiarism, and in the mean time I will take care that equal publicity be given to its correction.'

In a second note to the EDITOR Mr. SEDLEY reiterates specifically, in the following terms, the statements made in his previous letter:

'FIRST: That I never authorized the publication of the poem, or claimed its paternity.

'SECOND: That its publication, in such a form, was through the mistake of a friend, and unsanctioned by me.

'THIRD: That, notwithstanding this, the fact of my having written a poem on the same subject had produced an erroneous impression with some persons, which I immediately corrected when informed of its existence, through the medium of the '*Chicago Tribune*,' a paper of the largest influence and circulation here.'

With these statements and counter-statements we leave the entire matter with our readers. We have done with it. - - - THE subjoined revised edition of '*The Old Oaken Bucket*' strikes us as almost a parody, but we may be mistaken. At any rate, its 'revelations' will remind many a country-born metropolitan of what he saw and experienced in 'life's young day:'

'How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The cheese-press, the goose-pond, the pigs in the wild-wood,
And every old stump that my infancy knew.
The big linkum-basswood, with wide-spreading shadow;
The horses that grazed where my grand-mother fell;
The sheep on the mountain, the calves in the meadow,
And all the young kittens we drowned in the well.
The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
The poor little kittens we drowned in the well.

'I remember with pleasure my grand-father's goggles,
Which rode so majestic astraddle his nose;
And the harness, oft mended with tow-string and 'toggles,'
That belonged to old DOLLY, now free from her woes.
And fresh in my heart is the long maple-wood-pile,
Where often I've worked with beetle and wedge,
Striving to whack up enough to last for a good while,
And swearing because my old axe had no edge.
And there was the kitchen, and pump that stood nigh it,
Where we sucked up the drink through a quill in the spout;
And the hooks where we hung up the pumpkin to dry it;
And the old cider-pitcher, 'no doing without.'
The old brown earthen-pitcher, the nozzle-cracked pitcher,
The pain-easing pitcher, 'no doing without.'

'And there was the school-house, away from each dwelling,
Where school-ma'ams would govern with absolute sway;
Who taught me my 'rithmetic, reading, and spelling,
And 'whaled me like blazes' about every day.

I remember the ladder that swung in the passage,
 Which led to the loft in the peak of the house;
 Where my grand-mother hung up her 'pumpkin and sassage,'
 To keep them away from the rat and the mouse.
 But now, far removed from that nook of creation,
 Emotions of grief big as ten-kettles swell,
 When FANCY rides back to my old habitation,
 And thinks of the kittens we drowned in the well.
 The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
 The poor little kittens we drowned in the well.

Is n't that 'Old Oaken Bucket'-ish? - - - We spake of *The Strawberry* in a subsection of our last Gossipry; and now let us do honor to its successor—*The Raspberry*. How bountiful, how *timely* in its bounty, is PROVIDENCE! No sooner has one variety of fruit vanished than another appears, to take its place and anew regale the palate. A day or two ago, in company with an esteemed friend from the charming village of Nyack, on the western shore of the Tappaan-Zee, upon which, from our summer sanctum we look down as it were upon a map, we ascended to the *Rockland Tower*, a mile or so distant, from which a view is obtained second only to that commanded from the Kaätskill Mountain-House. After enjoying the wide-spread scene, embracing near and distant mountains, secluded vallies, Long-Island Sound and the lordly Hudson, with the villages upon their banks, and many an inland town, nestled in pleasant vales, so it was that we addressed ourselves to descend. As we sauntered along, beguiling the way with much pleasant discourse, we were made aware of the presence of raspberries in all the region round about. The whole air was redolent of them. Thinking of the dear little girl who, two or three days before, had placed a small plate, containing about a dozen of the same berry upon the breakfast-table, as a surprise 'for father,' we made a big cup of oak-leaves, and in an incredibly short space of time we had amassed a quart or more of the delicious fruit. Insomuch, that when we reached the sanctum, there was sufficient for a lunch, with white bread and butter, and a half bottle of 'Mum's Cabinet,' to moisten our throats withal, after our long walk—leaving enough, moreover, for after-dinner dessert, and especially to reward the little creature whose remembered generosity first prompted the acquisition of the fruit. After all, how much of true enjoyment one can take 'as he goes along!' Is it not so, N—— of Nyack? - - - We think the lover who should attempt practically to decide the following '*Question before a Debating Society*' would see before him a 'divided duty,' which would puzzle him not a little:

'The question before the meeting is this: If a feller, what is a feller, and his gal, are about to be parted for a time, and they propose to exchange daguerreotypes, and for that purpose the feller goes with his gal to the daguerreotype shop, and is to pay for having the 'pictures took,' and he only has money enough to pay for one picture in an ordinary case, and the other in a magnificent case, which picture should he put in the magnificent case, his own ugly mug or hern? Would it be gallant in him to put *her* mug in the ugly case? Would it be jinerous in him to put *his* mug in the ugly case which she has to keep? That's the question before the meeting.'

Who shall solve the difficulty? - - - We state, to correct an impression which has obtained in some quarters, that the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*' will be an entirely *original* work, and not composed, in any part, of articles

that have before appeared in print. The EDITOR hereof desires also to add that the direction of the work is wholly in the hands of the COMMITTEE, who entirely unknown to himself commenced and carried forward the generous and gratifying tribute. - - - THERE is a touch of Hood-like simplicity and feeling in the following, which will recommend it to the heart of the reader. 'MERCY MORE' must send us 'some more :'

'POOR lone HANNAH,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes:
Gray and wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree —
Faded HANNAH,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

'Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
'Is there from the fishers any news?'
Oh! her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Lonely HANNAH,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

'Fair young HANNAH
BEN, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily woos.
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all a-glow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her bridal
HANNAH leaves her window and her shoes.

'Close beside her,
Through the peach-trees' bloom, a pigeon coos.
But she shudders,
For the wild south-easter mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
While poor HANNAH
Dropped a silent tear upon her shoes.

'T 'is November.
Now no tear her pallid cheek bedews:
From Newfoundland,
Not a sail returning will she lose.
Whispering hoarsely, 'Fishermen,
Have you — have you heard of BEN?'
Half-crazed HANNAH!
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

'Twenty winters
Since have bleached the rugged shore she views.
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still, with dim eyes, silently
Every white sail watches she:
Poor, lone HANNAH!
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!'

To *our* conception, very touching. - - - WE shall remember this scorching hot fifth of July for many a long day, not alone for the heat, but for a day-dream that we had, leaning back in the 'old arm-chair' after saturating slip after slip of 'Gossip'-paper with the perspiration that actually trickled from 'this good right hand' as we wrote. Sleep gradually stole over our

senses, 'and as we slept we dreamed a dream.' It seemed but a moment, and we were sitting on the north side and lower shelf of an ice-berg, in company with Lieut. KANE, and our feet were dangling in the water, the cold water below. Both of us had stepped out of our flesh, and were sitting in our skeletons; when suddenly 'a gust of wind stert up behind' and whistled through our ribs, and KANE was turning toward us, with satisfaction 'in's aspect,' when suddenly we awoke, 'and behold it was a dream;' and like 'as a dream when one awaketh' passed away also all thought, all imagination even, of any thing cooler than ninety degrees of thermometrical heat. But stay!—here comes MARY with a dew-besprent pitcher, the chunks of ice clicking and clinking against its sides. It is growing cooler. There is a decided change in the atmosphere! - - - Coming home from our country-church this most lovely of summer Sunday mornings, we sat down to repose by one of the river-windows of the sanctum; and taking a good glass, we scanned the eastern shore of the Tappaan-Zee, until Sing-Sing prison, some eight miles distant, entered upon the field of vision. A sad day is Sunday to the prisoners and captives there fast bound in fetters of iron. No work, no exercise, no conversation. Semi-darkness, total silence, a narrow cell—and these are all. Nine hundred human beings, including both sexes, are thus immured, as it were, at the end of our glass! And every one of those nine hundred wretched persons was once an infant, and smiled in its vague dream of joy as it fed itself asleep on its mother's bosom. Every one of them awakened love in some less or larger circle of related hearts, and was cared for, toiled for, cherished. Perhaps some one might have been found that would have died for it—nay, that did die for it. For that the mother perished; or the manly father, pitted unequally against poverty and misfortune, broke the o'erstrained heart-string. Take the sternest, hardest in that multitude, and *somewhere* in his bosom are wrapped up household memories, souvenirs of love, gleams and glimpses of innocence, and miniature plans and picturings of hope. Many a one is at this moment groaning in spirit in the Sing-Sing prison, to whose dark heart the key might be found; but who, aware that he is shut out alike from sympathy and from the world, feels that he already knows the utmost which fate can give or take away. Hope has no blandishments in store that can seduce, nor fear a threat that can appal. - - - There was a 'right good time' at Piermont, on the last 'Sabbath-Day of Freedom.' From the commanding position of 'Old Knick Mount' we could look down upon the long procession of citizens and strangers, as it wound slowly up SEYMOUR'S (late TALLMAN'S) Mountain, preceded by a troop of Rockland Dragoons and the handsome 'Piermont Guards' of 'our town.' In company with several agreeable friends, we joined the cavalcade; and when we arrived upon the ground, the sight was a cheering and beautiful one. In the still woods, overlooking 'mountain, field, and flood,' was erected a platform for the speakers and 'officers of the day,' around which was an amphitheatre of seats, which were filled with a perspiring, patriotic crowd of both sexes, flanked by the military of the day; a fine band occasionally filling the air with stirring music. 'The Declaration' was read, and *well* read, an excellent oration

was delivered, and then the assembly defiled down the mountain, and gradually dispersed. A supper and ball in the evening, and uncounted fireworks closed 'the day we celebrate.' - - - A FRIEND at a far-off point of far-off Michigan related to us the other day the following, which may be considered as a striking example of *Sharp Practice by a Tenant*, whereas, as a general thing, the sharp practice is altogether on 'the other side of the house: 'Squire — had leased one of two contiguous houses to a noted character in our town, a lawyer of high standing, and some few years ago a member of the Legislature, and withal a desperate and incorrigible wag, and a hopeless debtor. Quarter after quarter passed away; and the landlord never found his tenant at home when rent-day came, nor provided with funds when he met him in the street; although on such occasions he was always liberal of promises. At last, as a dernier resort, a writ of ejectment was issued, and notice to vacate within fourteen days (the time prescribed by law in Michigan) served on the delinquent tenant. No notice being taken thereof, on the afternoon of the day specified the landlord proceeded, with the proper officers, to the premises, with the dire intent of pitching his victim into the street, 'neck and heels.' But, on arriving at the place, what was his chagrin to find that his tenant had that very morning removed — *into the adjoining house*, which happened to be vacant just then; a note being left on the steps of his late residence, politely suggesting the propriety of certain repairs in his new abode, and requesting the 'Squire to see to it as soon as convenient. Of course new proceedings had to be instituted, and there being no such thing as 'distress for rent' (except in the landlord's pocket) in Michigan, another writ of ejectment was issued and served. The evening before the time was up, the landlord called on his debtor, and found him just sitting down to supper in his *old home*, to which he had again removed that very afternoon! He was profuse of compliments, and thanked the Squire heartily for the improvements which had been made in the dwelling during his absence. A new process was at once issued; and, this time determined not to be tricked, the landlord procured occupants for both buildings, *rent free* for a full quarter, fearing to leave either empty till he was fairly rid of his customer. On comparing notes, he found himself minus over a year's rent, beside the quarter given on the two houses, and the expense of suits, etc. ! A beautiful instance of the uncertainties of the law 'in such case made and provided!' - - - WE ran out the other day to 'Mast-Hope,' on the Delaware, in Pennsylvania, to view the glorious scenery which is commanded from the New-York and Erie Railroad, and to catch some fish. Never was there a better 'time.' As we sped along in the large airy cars, upon the broad gauge (ah! departed SEYMOUR! how much do rejoicing travellers owe to thee!) there were daguerretyped upon the memory summer pictures of largest variety and rarest beauty. Arrived at 'the Hope,' and safely and most comfortably 'bestowed' with our old Binghamton host, Lord CLIFTON HALL, we awaited the arrival of a cherished friend from the most charming town in all the lovely county of Broome, whom we had 'come half-way' to meet. In fifteen minutes the train came rushing eastward, and he was with us. The next morning early, clad in such garb as becomes true

fishermen, there was a jolly party of us who set forth in boats mounted on wheels, to 'Wolf-Pond.' Upon what we saw on the way, what we experienced at the 'Pond,' and what we saw and enjoyed on our return, we shall dilate in another number. It is *too* warm to write another word. *Gosh!* Hot-test spell of weather 'ever was in the world!' - - - A FRIEND of ours has just been mentioning, that on one occasion he was addressing 'the Court' at the bar of one of the Middle States, upon a subject of great moment to his client, when his attention was arrested by a singular circumstance. He observed that whenever he dwelt upon the particular point of his argument which he wished especially to enforce, 'the Court's' head went down behind his elevated desk, and presently arose again. Changing his position slightly, he saw the mystery of this singular occurrence; and when, soon after, it was repeated, he paused in his remarks, and said: 'When 'the Court' has finished *eating its water-melon*, I shall proceed with my argument, not without the hope of being at least partially heard!' And this reminded us of the reply of a certain 'Court' at the West to a question 'of Counsel: 'Does the Counsel understand 'the Court' to say that its last ruling is according to *law*?' 'To which thus then' 'the Court: 'If 'the Court' *understand* herself — and she think she *do* — it *ar*!' There is much talent and also 'some' ignorance on the western 'bench.' - - - SITUATED in the beautiful village of Binghamton, in Broome county, is *Mrs. Backus's School for Young Ladies*, which deserves especial commendation, not alone from the fact that the pupils are well and thoroughly taught in all the various branches of the languages, sciences, and arts, but for the elevated and Christian character of the Principal and her Assistants. MRS. BACKUS is a lady of rare accomplishments, possessing remarkable ease and dignity of deportment, and her association with and care of her pupils is so familiar and maternal that they invariably imbibe much of the grace of manner and ease in conversation which characterize herself. Take it all in all, we know of no similar institution which combines so many desirable advantages as this; and parents who have daughters to educate would do well to consult the many eminent references of this school — or visit the institution itself. The delightful journey thither on the Erie rail-road, would of itself repay the expense of time and money. - - - A SEEDY-looking old negro, with a 'brick' in his old white hat, and a 'weed' round it, staggering along the street the other day, attracted the attention of some youngsters, who immediately commenced imitating his walk; calling out 'Uncle Tom,' and other opprobrious epithets. The old fellow bore it patiently for a few seconds, but when they continued 'heaping coals of fire on his head,' he could n't stand it any longer. Sitting down on the curb-stone, he called out: 'Who you call Uggle Tob? D-d-do yer know wha' got de b-boys h-hoo mockt de p-propht L-L-LISHA? De *bars* et 'um!' 'Ya-as!' answered a young 'un, 'but *you* ain't no prophet 'LISHA though!' 'Sides,' chirped another, 'he never got drunk!' We think that last brick 'knocked him,' for when we came away he was lying flat on the pavement. - - - OUR readers have lost much if they have failed to peruse the several articles upon the '*Life and Character of William Pitt*,' as they have appeared from time to time in the pages

of this Magazine. The series is concluded in the present number; and we call especial attention to the admirable manner in which our correspondent's task has been accomplished. - - - Our esteemed friend the 'PEASANT BARD,' whose muse is as simple, fervent and direct as that of the true and natural poet whom he apostrophizes, sends us the subjoined '*Epistle to Hugh Ainslie*.' Apropos of our Scottish bard: we hope to announce the speedy publication of his volume, now passing through the press. Another correspondent writes: 'What a BURNS-like hand you have in HUGH AINSLIE! I thought I was perusing the departed Scottish 'Son of Song's' own lines, when I read the following from the '*Merry Maids o' Scotland*,' in your last number:

'WHEN dreary days o' winter
War scailing sleet and snaw,
Your fresh, unfrosted merriment
Sent simmer through the ha':

'I'm far awa', I'm lang awa',
An' muckle's come atween
The nights we reeled it in the ha',
Or linked it on the green,'

et cetera.' But to the lines of our New-England 'brither,' touching which, we have gone off at a tangent concerning something else:

DEAR FRIEND: Surprise you'll doubtless feel,
When this you get, and break the seal;
But one who wishes for your weal
Subscribes the writing;
The Muses, fiddling the Scotch reel,
Do the inditing.

'Tis sympathy that prompts my line:
I never saw your face, and mine
You never saw; but I opine,
That's matter small:
The children of 'the tuneful Nine'
Are brothers all.

The flowery, green Parnassian way,
What crowds bedust it in our day!
Faith! they've laid rails, and engines play
Te Deums on it,
And 'ticket through' all who can pay
A third-rate sonnet.

For one, all independent grown,
I'll have Parnassus of my own!
Old Holyoke, or 'Ascutney's cone,'
As classic should be,
Or grand Monadnock's regal throne —
Ye gods! they could be!

How few who try the rural song
Strike notes that to the fields belong!
But lack some truthful feature strong:
As painters clever
Oft put the milk-maid on the wrong
Side of the heifer.

The fact is, he who doesn't know
The *prose* the poetry can't show,
Of rural life, and make it glow
With life-blood warm:
Whoe'er that saw the beauteous bow,
Saw not the storm?

Gill, (Mass.), July 8, 1854.

'MAY WASHING!'* — I would rather own
As mine that simple gem alone,
Than half the stilted poems thrown,
With flourish grand,
From the great press, and puffed and blown
About the land.

Whate'er may be your fortune's grade,
I'd take it, were the wager laid,
That you have seen both 'light and shade'
Of Scottish life,
And weary has your heart been made
By worldly strife.

O brother bard! canst thou explain
Why Sorrow wakes the sweetest strain?
Just as we hear the dear refrain
That robins sing,
While showers down the drenching rain
In time of spring.

Blow sweetly Scotia's pipes, my brither!
I love her; she's my great grand-mither,
Sae there's a sort o' kindred tether
Hauds me to thee;
But mair thy sang, for sic anither
We rarely see.

FAME's eye may never yet have seen us;
Fate from the world's applause may screen us;
But shall these things suffice to wean us
From song? No! never!
The heirs of true poetic genius
Hold fast for ever!

Adieu, O bard of NATURE's making!
Some day thy hand I may be taking:
Do n't know: fain would — but CARE is shaking;
Full fast life's sand;
But I've a notion we'll be waking
In the leal land.

'PEASANT BARD.'

* THE title of a little poem of Mr. AINSLIE's, published in a former number of the KNICKER-BOCKER.

'*Macte virtute*,' good 'PEASANT!' - - - COMMUNICATIONS, in fresh and cordial letters, pour upon us in these sultry days, from glad town-friends, errant in cool country haunts; and among them comes the ensuing free-and-easy chat from an old friend. He dates from 'Up North,' in mid-June:

'The world is full of beauty just now, here in the country. Do you not revel in space and freedom? Your town-sanctum was pleasant exceedingly, and from it still speak memories that delight me to recall; but yet, do you not give the country the preference? Another sanctum you have, and the same familiar objects are about you, and not a few of the same friends may follow you. All will, if not in body, yet in spirit: and so, good friend, 'in contentment rest.'

'From the regions of the north I write you, for I have taken an early start, and shall not return before autumn. I wish you could be present with me for a few days, where I am; and I'll tell you why. I have overhauled our old friend, 'KIT KELVIN,' who, as you know, has quitted the seas, and is fast-anchored amid the marble of Vermont. He has selected a romantic, quiet corner in the town of Rutland, at Sutherland Falls, and has placed his hopes upon a marble-mill: a good investment, for the marble is of that kind which must supersede the Italian. It *is* Italian, and the inexhaustible quarry 'contingent' to the mill is varied in style and shading. There *is* beauty even in a stone. Could you see the varied shades that are mingled together, exquisitely blended, the fineness of the stock, its durability and elegance of finish, you would desire to ornament your cottage with mantels, tables, and the like, that would please the eye and gratify the taste. There is also a fall of water here, sublimely beautiful — Otter Creek — tumbling, whirling, eddying, bubbling, dashing, roaring, and leaping a distance of some hundred and twenty feet in about one hundred and fifty. The banks are lined with the graceful cedar arbor vitæ; and in mid-winter the frozen spray and pendant icicles must enhance the picturesque beauty to fullness. I should say, with positive boldness, that there is not another such a water-privilege in the United States. Were this secluded spot known, (and it must be,) how many enterprising men would seek to be benefited thereby! A hotel is needed here, and it would be crowded. The Boston and Burlington rail-way runs directly in front of the office of the Sutherland Falls Company, (of which KIT KELVIN is one,) and every facility is thus offered for the successful prosecution of business. The company ship a large amount of inch-slabs to New-York, where it is used for furniture purposes, and distributed throughout the Union. Table-tops and interior decorations are manufactured from this Italian vein, and are perfect pictures in themselves. Consumers can procure this marble at a less cost than the freight and duties which are paid upon the article from Italy, and it is better marble, and will eventually take the precedence.

'Sutherland Falls is a beautiful, romantic place, and in the summer and autumn it is frequently 'called upon' by visitors from the large towns; and I know of no place better suited for such pic-nic parties than here, among the cone-like cedars. Hard by, you find a hospitable house, where, in case of need, the stranger is refreshed with viands that excel the forced French condiments that are placed before us in large hotels; and the motto is, 'Cry aloud and spare not!' The New-York daily papers are left here, and amid the quietness of the spot, the news of a wrangling world come fresh and prompt to tell the daily story of the rise and fall of stocks and stock-jobbers, the unsatisfactory state of affairs at the Capitol, and the floating buzz of unsettled positions in the world at large.'

FANNY KEMBLE gave a dramatic reading of SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR in Rome, recently. What a treat it must have been, to hear *such* a delivery as hers, on the very spot where the deeds the great bard described were enacted! - - - OUR anecdote of the Western judge who would 'take a mackerel,' reminds a New-Hampshire correspondent of a similar arrange-

ment which once fell under his observation : 'An agent of a manufacturing company, in a pleasant village of 'Old Rockingham,' New Hampshire, was rather noted for his meanness in money-matters. He also combined a great dislike of alcoholic drinks with a weakness for hard-boiled eggs. Being in Boston one day, a friend, who was unacquainted with his peculiar tastes, met him near the 'REVERE,' and asked him to 'imbibe.' 'Thank you,' replied the agent ; 'I don't drink, but *I'll take a boiled egg and three cents !*' The inviter immediately 'broke' for Quincy-Market, to obtain the desired refreshment! - - - '*An Admirer of Poetical Genius*' sends us the following 'emanation' from a Missouri poet who, if he goes on as he has begun, will bid fair to snatch the rays from the brow of our world-famed contributor, K. N. PEPPER, Esq. : The reader has no doubt seen a statement in the public prints of the 'shooting affair' which gave rise to the following stanzas. The author, with the modesty always belonging to true genius, declined publishing to the world his effusion, and therefore only had a few copies printed and circulated among his personal admirers, from one of whom we obtain the copy which we give below :

1. As I was going down Fourth-street,
One o'clock or later :
Mr. HOFFMAN I did meet,
A running from Mrs. BAKER.
2. As I was coming up Fourth-street,
It was Mrs. BAKER I did meet ;
She looked at me and turned around,
And shot at HOFFMAN on the ground.
3. She shot at him upon the street,
And in the store he did retreat ;
The excitement raised, the pistol cracked,
And HOFFMAN was shot in the back.
4. Then in the store she sat amazed,
While at HOFFMAN she did gaze ;
She sent for BAKER, and when he come,
He said 'My God! Mary, what have you done?'
5. Then a carriage he did provide,
For to take a pleasure-ride ;
He could get no body to go her bail,
So they took her 'round to the St. Louis Jail.
6. The Dutch they did surround the Jail
To get Mrs. BAKER out on bail ;
The watchmen told them to go away,
But all they said was *nix furstay*.
7. There was a Dutchman drove a slop-cart,
Who thought himself so awful smart ;
He struck Captain COZZENS on the head,
And the report went 'round that he was dead.
8. About eleven o'clock they raised a riot,
And Mr. How told them to keep quiet ;
They throwed rocks in all ways,
So he sent for the St. Louis Greys.
9. The Washington Guards were ordered out,
And Capt. FROST Commander ;
Says he, old Duche you are lost
If you do raise our dander.'

'Here is another funny thing,' writes the same correspondent, 'which I think is worth embalming in the *'Gossip.'* A lady-friend who was inclined to believe in spiritual manifestations, was awakened one night by her husband coming in, and when he spoke, distinctly heard three raps, apparently upon the wall of the chamber. She asked, 'Is there a spirit present?' No answer. She then insisted that her husband should question the mysterious visitor; and to gratify her, he did so, although an unbeliever. 'Is there a spirit present?' Tap, tap, tap! 'Does it wish to communicate with me?' Tap, tap, tap! 'Is it a matter of importance?' Tap, tap, tap! A host of inquiries of a like nature were made, all of which were responded to by the three mysterious taps; Mrs. J — at intervals putting questions, but receiving no replies. At last, her husband's curiosity became aroused, and he arose, struck a light, and commenced a thorough examination of the apartment, the 'mysterious knockings' responding whenever he opened his lips, but remaining obstinately silent when Mrs. J — interrogated 'the spirits.' At last, on approaching the bed, the taps waxed furious and faster, and upon raising the valance, the 'spirit was discovered bodily,' in the shape of J —'s favorite bob-tailed terrier 'SAM,' who had ensconced himself under the bed, before his master came home, and whenever spoken to, would make a 'waggin'' of his stump-tail; and this appendage, striking upon the floor, produced the 'spiritual manifestations!' 'SAM' was forthwith obliged to 'vamose the ranch,' and gave no more manifestations that night. Mrs. J — is one of the most amiable of her sex, and is a great admirer of 'Old Knick': but if you should ever come to the Mound City, and be introduced, as you value your eyes, don't mention 'spirits' where she is!'. - - - A FRIEND sends the following veritable extract, in commemoration of our national and respectable fowl. It was actually delivered by a military colonel, 'down-east': '*The Bird of America*, with one foot on Bunker-Hill Monument and the other on the Rocky Mountains, spreads his wide wings o'er our native land, running his beak into the golden sands of El Dorado, and fanning with his tail the frozen regions of the North; thus heraldically demonstrating a spread-eagle!' - - - 'WAY up where the Hackensack first begins to 'twist and squirm about in the grass and the woods,' we went the other day with an exceedingly pleasant and well-chosen party, to take some of the pickerel and perch that 'do much abound' in that sylvan region. What a day it was, and what a 'season' we had! To close all, there was a 'fry' in the 'grand old woods,' of fish fresh from the young river that meandered by; and at the bountiful table spread in that primitive forest, where were represented clerical, legal, medical, agricultural, and literary 'folks,' there were stories told, songs sung, and 'things' said, of which you shall hear more hereafter. What a day it was! Enjoyment without excess — hilarity without uproariousness — elation without folly. 'Since I have been in America,' said a reverend prelate, 'I have never passed so entirely pleasant a day.' - - - OUR town-readers have doubtless remarked occasional notices in the daily journals of a forthcoming picture, by Mr. REMBRANDT LOCKWOOD, a young American painter, for some time educated in the celebrated Art-School of Munich, Bavaria, but for several

years past located at Newark, New-Jersey. The subject of the picture is '*The Last Judgment*,' one of the grandest and most interesting to which the mind can address itself. Treated variously and ably by ORCAGUA, MICHAEL ANGELO, CORNELIUS, and MARTIN; and being the theme of ANGELO's sublimest work, the magnificent fresco of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, it would seem almost sheer presumption for a young American to attempt the subject with the hope of success, or even to be tolerated in comparison with his great exemplars. Yet we are assured by persons of undoubted critical acumen, that Mr. LOCKWOOD, whose picture is just completed, has produced a work almost entirely original in the treatment of the subject, and entitled to the honors of a master-piece as a work of art. He has been engaged nearly eight years on the picture, (cartoons and painting,) which covers a canvas twenty-seven feet by seventeen and a half feet, requiring a studio to be built purposely for it, and embraces about two hundred conspicuous figures. One great feature of the picture is the exclusion of the mythology, paganism, and sectarianism which, theologically and morally considered, detract in our day from the creations of ANGELO and CORNELIUS. The picture, we understand, is soon to be exhibited in New-York, where, if the opinion of capable judges be of worth, it will create a sensation, and secure an honorable niche for its painter in the temple of art-renown. We hope to pay it an early visit. - - - 'WHILE I am writing you I feel impelled to relate an incident that occurred in the court of an adjoining county not long since. I must premise that the laws of this State prescribe that in the trial of all indictments for larceny the jury are obliged, if they find the defendant guilty, to estimate the value of the property stolen; when, if the amount is five dollars or over, the penalty is imprisonment in the State penitentiary; if under five dollars, the culprit is only confined in the county jail. A fellow was under trial for stealing a five-dollar note of the State Bank of Indiana; and his counsel, finding an acquittal hopeless, called several brokers to testify that the note was at a discount of one per cent for specie, which testimony the prosecuting attorney rebutted by calling several business-men, who testified that they were always in the habit of receiving and paying such notes at five dollars. In summing up and giving the case to the jury, the prosecutor, a man of but little cultivation but considerable shrewdness, told the jury that this defendant was 'the meanest man he ever saw. Why, gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'I have practised in the courts of this State twelve years, and have prosecuted criminals guilty of all sorts of crimes and meannesses, but I never before found a rascal so 'all fired' mean that he wouldn't be willing to *steal Indiana money at par!*' A new and welcome correspondent in Illinois vouches for the foregoing; assuring us that it is 'true in every particular.' - - - We acknowledge the receipt of two speeches delivered by Hons. GILBERT DEAN and MICHAEL WALSH, of New-York, in the House of Representatives, upon the Nebraska and Kansas question, and another of Hon. J. N. MALLORY, of Florida, in the Senate, on 'Improvement in the Navy.' 'MIKE' remarks, characteristically enough, in opening: 'I have listened to the few speeches which have been made here

on this subject, and have also been present during the dull delivery of nearly the whole tiresome mass of prosy re-hashes which have been read upon it to empty benches, and subsequently published as '*speeches*.' Mr. MALLORY's sound remarks upon a very important subject may be referred to hereafter in these pages. - - - The following report gives the state of the crops at 'Old KNICK Mount,' at this present writing: corn, 'Iowa White' and 'Virginia,' flourishing and rank: cucumbers, fresh, healthy, expanding and lengthening: tomatoes, red and yellow varieties, in the 'upper sphere' of progress: 'water,' 'mush' and other 'millions,' doing *better* than 'could be expected:' beets, 'lusty and strong:' long white onions, rather slim, but growing: beans — well, 't ain't no matter' about the *beans*. - - - 'You are perhaps sometimes inclined,' writes a new out-of-town correspondent, 'to smile at the modern doctrine of 'Woman's Rights. The following epistle will show that there are phases of the subject not to be laughed at. You will understand the origin of this epistle when I inform you that I had agreed to visit a very dear friend, residing some fifty miles from here. The day was appointed, the very hour was fixed; for this exactness was rendered possible by rail-road communication; but instead of fulfilling my engagement I sent a letter of apology with the promise of making good my intention the following week, and here is the answer I received:

'DEAR J —: Your note arrived yesterday, but not in time to save me the cost of a very excellent and rather expensive dinner, out of a somewhat reduced exchequer, nor to save my wife the trouble and toil of cooking it, over a hot fire, on a warm day, without the aid of a servant; for of this last-named article we are at present destitute. I hope you will get married as soon as possible, so as to learn experimentally the annoyance of such disappointments. The truth is, women *have* rights, even though they have been caricatured by some would-be modern reformers; and it is time that old bachelors like yourself should know it. I am sorry to say — or *not* sorry, I hardly know which — that it will not be convenient for us to see you on Monday next, as I expect to be away from home on that day, and several days following. At any convenient time, should you see fit to come, we will endeavor to welcome you with a mutton-chop, or a piece of fried liver; but for a joint of lamb and the etceteras you must not look. With a disposition to forgive and forget, as soon as a becoming expression of regret on your part renders the exercise of such a disposition proper, and with all the regard which it is possible to exercise under the circumstances,

'I am yours, as ever,

c.'

A very curt and well-deserved rebuke. - - - Did you ever remark how one garrulous old maid in a company will set scores of others a-going, until by and by you shall hear nothing but: 'S'she, 't is n't so;' 'S's I, 't is;' 'S's she, 't can't be possible;' 'S's I, I *know* it;' 'S's she, who told you?' 'S's I, 'NANCY HOPKINS,' etc. This is 'Gossip.' We are afraid we have something to answer for in this kind. Our monthly chat with our readers, which heralded so many years ago this species of familiar converse, seems to have become an epidemic among sundry of our contemporaries, in various parts of the country: and we like to see it. Any thing but a dull proser, who 'looks on, hears, and keeps close.' Talk away, even if you don't say any thing. Something should, something *must* hit, now and then. Write as you *feel*, and let all the rest go. - - - 'COMING down the Alleghanies not long since, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, just as a shower was passing off, my attention was attracted by what appeared to be wreaths of smoke

curling around the tops of the mountains, but which a second glance showed were only flying clouds. While looking at them, a moon-faced countryman, leaning over and pointing to them, asked with great earnestness, 'Is them 'ere WOLCANOES?' A *fact*, according to a Philadelphia friend. - - - The following advertisement was found by a correspondent posted in a store in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne, Indiana. It is *exactly* copied from the original. The 'schoolmaster' must have gone 'abroad' from the Hoosier State:

' N O T E S .

'there will be a sale at SUSANAH LEWIS on the 18 of fedury the folern Property to hit one mare too plous too Bedes an Beden one Cook stove thirtee Bushals or Corn an other property too tegest to menchen for wich one yere Credet will pe givn the sale Com-mensen at ten Cloc.'

Is there a spelling-school in that region? - - - The kind favor of 'D. E. N.' is thankfully acknowledged. While we perfectly agree with the writer in all that he has expressed, and expressed felicitously, we yet think the publication of his observations would interfere with the position of perfect political neutrality which it has been designed that this Magazine should occupy from its very commencement. Let us have *some* neutral ground upon which all parties may meet without difference of opinion. Literature, distinct from politics or polemics, is our 'platform.' - - - AN Exeter (New Hampshire) correspondent sends us the following epitaph, as 'one not altogether overlookable.' The inscription has just been placed upon a marble grave-stone by Mr. MOSES DAVIS, of Nashua, (N. H.,) to be placed over the grave of Miss SEVILLAH JONES, who was murdered by HENRY N. SARGENT, at Boston, last winter, because she would not marry him. SARGENT shot himself at the same time:

' S e v i l l a h ,

' DAUGHTER OF GEORGE AND SARAH JONES.

MURDERED BY HENRY SARGENT, JANUARY 13, 1854.

—
AGED [SEVENTEEN YEARS, NINE MONTHS.
—

' Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter
By the revengeful hand—a malicious HENRY.
When on her way to school he met her,
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her!'

Will some of our 'sharp-shooting' friends tell us what a 'six self-cocked pistol' is? - - - WHAT a luxury it is, in this fervid season, to cross to the '*Lamartine Cottage*' at Hoboken, dine under umbrageous trees upon deliciously-cooked French dishes, with delicate light wines, and then sweep up the Hudson, in the cool of the early evening, on our old favorite, the 'ERIE,' discussing a mild Havana, and chatting with the 'officers of the day!' Try it, some day—one or both. - - - PUBLISHERS and correspondents must 'possess themselves in patience.' Favors from old and acceptable contributors await insertion, and books and reviews that promise well, bide their time for perusal and notice. We have done the best we could in this hot weather.

Little People's Side-Table.

WE resume our juvenile side-table, the viands for which have so accumulated upon our hands, from every section of the country, that we are exceedingly embarrassed in making our selections. We must postpone them occasionally, and only now and then let the little folks come in and 'see company.' Some old bachelors have written to us to pretermitt them altogether, and *one* strait-laced curmudgeon is positively abusive of our little side-table. But incidentally the secret of his reprehension leaks out. He took a dear little baby-boy upon his lap one day, and while pretending to admire him before his mother, he 'felt something yellow' upon his new summer pantaloons. And this little circumstance changed the whole current of his feeling toward children! But let him wait till *he* has a pair of blue or hazel eyes looking up to his own, out of the heart of an infant child—but he never *will* have that pleasure in this world: he's 'too almighty selfish.'

'OUR 'ANN' has a little girl to help her with the 'house-work'—as *sui generis* a little creature as the sable Topsy. A few days since, when 'ANN' came in from having, as she said, a short 'chatter' with a friend, she detected her little 'help' in some misde-meanor, and proceeded to reprimand her for it. In the course of her ANNA-'mad'-versions, she said:

'Do you think you are fit to die?'

'I do' no!' said the little girl, taking hold of her dress and inspecting it, 'I guess so, if I a'n't too dirty!'

'WHEN my grand-mother, (long since in Heaven,) was about three years of age, she was taken to the funeral of a deceased play-mate. The little corpse was lying in its coffin, around which flowers were strewn; and she, being lifted up, kissed its cold cheek, and whispered:

'Please give my love to God!'

'This strikes me as one of the sweetest expressions I ever heard made by a child.'

'OUR little CHARLIE has always been in the habit of saying a little prayer before going to bed. A few evenings since, all things being ready for retiring, and when he was about to kneel at his mother's knee, he stopped, and looking earnestly into his mother's face, said:

'Mamma, I am tired of saying 'some body else's prayer'; may n't I make one myself?'

'His mother said, 'Certainly, my boy, if you really wish to.'

'He knelt very reverently and clasped his hands; then, with the earnestness of unaffected childhood, said to his mother:

'Mamma, if I get stuck, will you help me out?'

'I WANT to beg a seat at your little people's side-'table,' for a little sister of mine. She is a darling 'scrap,' named AGNES, and is eighteen months old. She can walk all about, and is beginning to talk. One of her greatest delights is to look at the big letters in the 'great ha' Bible.' One day, I tried to teach her the letter A, which she almost learned. Then we came to T, and she called that A. The next time we came to T, she pointed at it, and when I said, 'What's that?' she answered, 'Milk!' Tea and milk were very much alike in her mind.'

'My little three-year-old boy never sees your Magazine, without asking his mother or me to read to him about the 'Knickerbocker's Babies.'

'He once asked his mother to pick a sliver out of his hand, 'for,' said he, 'I don't want to grow up a great big tree!'

'My little boy, after listening some time to his mother's efforts to get a peddler 'to throw in something' with every thing she purchased, cast his longing eyes on some primers in the trunks. The peddler, reading his wishes, offered to *give* him one. The little fellow hesitated, and when urged, said:

'I don't know as I will take it, unless you will *throw in something*.'

'We have a little flaxen-headed fellow of four summers who is always bright, both spring-time and winter-days. A short time since he was sitting on his father's knee. In an impulsive moment his father spoke rather quickly to some one who had just entered the room. The darling boy looked up into his father's face and said, 'Father, the angels in heaven always put down in their book when JULY (his sister) was bad, and when GEORGEY is bad, and they will write down to your name, 'Bad Pa!'

'The youngling of our flock was lying very sick, so sick that ye thought that his little spirit was going to wing its way to heaven, there to meet a cherub brother. I was telling this dear child that his baby brother was going to die: child-like he turned over the leaves of his toy-book which he held in his hand and commenced to read. I watched him closely, as none but a mother can watch, to hear his words. I listened; they were all about the sick baby. Suddenly there came forth a burst of indignation: 'Bad Lord, to make my little brother sick.' His little heart could not long retain anger, so he stole away into the nursery, unbidden knelt down by his bed, with this beautiful prayer upon his lips: 'Good Lord, make my little brother well again.' What a lesson for children of larger growth!

'A LITTLE girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off, she did not use enough water to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble, she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction, at least:

'Why, sis, you're *made* of dust, and if you don't stop, you'll wash yourself all away!'

'This opinion, coming from an elder brother, was decisive, and the washing was discontinued.'

'One day, a little school-mate of WILLIE's was in here, and the two got to disputing about the number of days in a week; WILLIE persisting that there were seven, and his little opponent stoutly maintaining that there were only six. 'Well,' said WILLIE, 'you say them over, and I will count.' So the days were named and counted, from Monday to Saturday, inclusive; and then there was a pause, which WILLIE broke by saying:

'And Sunday.'

'Ho!' said his diminutive opponent, with a look of supreme contempt; '*that belongs to the other week!*'

'My oldest, about eight, one day, on his return from school, ran up with earnestness to his mother, and said:

'Mother, have I got any children?'

'Why, no! Why do you ask?'

'Cause I read in the Bible to-day, at school, about '*children's children*'!'

'A little nephew, named after me, had for a long time wished to wear a pair of boots left at his house by the boy aforesaid, but had been told by his mother that he must wait until it snowed. Having got them out one day, he told his mother he was going to wear them to-morrow.

'Why!' said the mother, 'I thought you were to wait until it snowed!'

'Oh! well!' he said, 'I'm goin' out to ask God to make it snow!'

'Was n't that faith?'

'JOHNNIE's older brother was once attempting to parse the word *love*, when JOHNNIE brightened up, saying, 'I know what love is—it's a noun!' His brother to the contrary notwithstanding, JOHNNIE insisted it *was* a noun.

'Well, what makes you think it is a noun?' says GEORGE; 'can you see love?'

'Yes, I saw a fellow kiss HARRIET once, and that's love!'

'Sister HARRIET blushed, and JOHNNIE looked as though he thought he had proved it to a demonstration.'

'Two little girls of my acquaintance, who rejoiced in play-houses and rag-babies, became dissatisfied when they found the babies' faces, so easily soiled, could not be washed. Those were not the kind of babies, surely; and they both knelt down together, while the elder one devoutly prayed, over and over again: 'Lord! O Lord! give me a baby! LORD, *please* to give me a baby—a *meat* baby!'

'ONE pleasant day last summer, I took my seat in the stage-coach bound from Fall-River to C—. Among the passengers was a little gentleman, who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pick-pockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked:

'My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket!'

'No, you could n't,' replied he; 'I've been looking out for you all the time!'

'Yesterday at our dinner-table, I had a controversy with my brother and sister, as to whether I, being the eldest, was Mr. R.—Number One, or Number Two. They insisted that our venerable progenitor was Number One, and I Number Two; but being R—, Jr., I held out against them, and stuck to Number One, till one of the little ones remarked that he had heard that the 'down-east' lumber-men always called the first cut a *slab*; so that I had nothing to boast of! I said nothing more.'

'CAN you find a small space in your children's corner to record an anecdote of a bright and beautiful little one, who is our pride and joy? I say 'our,' for although not of me, she still is mine. There never was so large, so clear, so blue an eye in any child; glorious, alike when beaming with the fervent expression of her own love, or when the biggest tears that ever flowed from grief come coursing down her cheeks. Nearly a year has now elapsed since the little testator duly signed, sealed and delivered the instrument which I send you. How or where she became familiar with the idea of 'testamentary devises,' is unknown to us, unless she gained it from some books upon my desk which contain forms of that kind. Be that as it may, one evening last spring she was very intent on writing something which she insisted on concealing, in a smiling manner, from her mother and myself. When her bed-time arrived, she carried it with her; and shortly afterward, her mother, who had accompanied her, came back with a full heart, and placed in my hand the little legacy of love and affection herewith sub-joined, precisely as she wrote it:

'The will of S — L —, 8 years old 17 day of April 1853 of her little things. She had.

'HERE BEGINETH

'to my sister M — I leave my Paint-box, and to my dear Mother, I leave my perl Brest-pin and to my darling farther I leave my voyage Round the world and all my books the words on my grave are to be this—JESUS.'

'Here she was interrupted, and had to retire, leaving the 'testament' unfinished. I need hardly say that the 'document' as originally composed, with its variety of hieroglyphics, is carefully put away and preserved among the relics and treasures of her 'darling father.'

'On one occasion our little boy asked his mother where people went to when they died. 'To heaven, my son, if they have been good.' 'Well, then,' with an air of triumph 'why do they dig so many holes for, if they all go to heaven?'